



THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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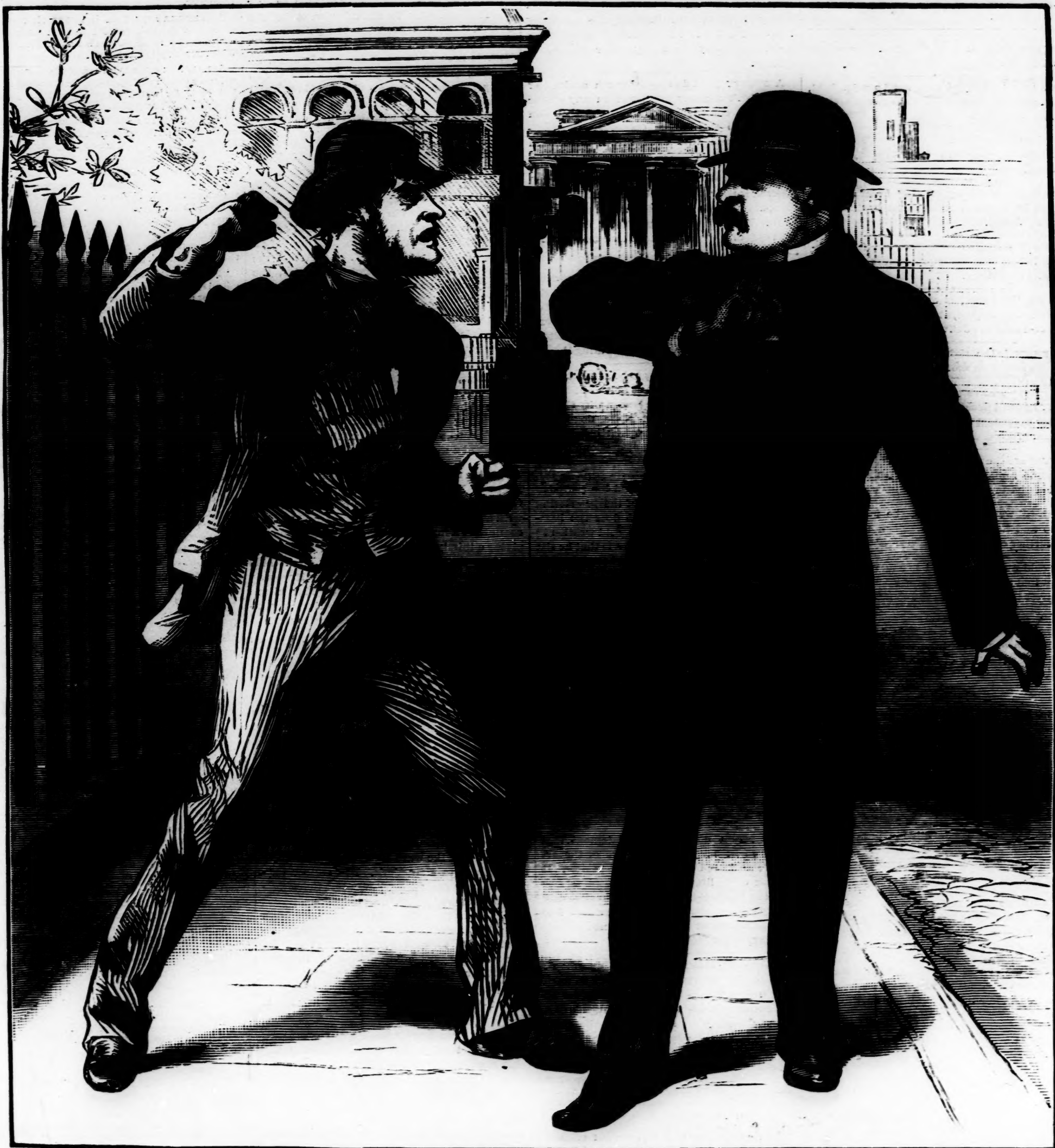
RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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STRIKING HIGH.

THE DASTARDLY ATTACK OF AN EXASPERATED CRANK UPON GOVERNOR CLEVELAND, THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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Beware of imitations. The POLICE GAZETTE and "Week's Doings" are the only papers published by Richard K. Fox.

LOUISVILLE feels down-hearted. Even her dogs can't fight.

On a recent Sunday Chicago had a prize fight, which was better attended than any church in town.

A MONTREAL "peeler" can "run 'em in" in six languages. He is the most tonguey cop on the continent.

THE Simpson family, of tri-globular fame, is said to be doing a tremendous business in Hocking Valley.

It is a pretty good advertisement for Washington hotels that their proprietors generally live to a ripe old age.

BURKE, the boxer, is very like Burke, the orator—in one respect, at least; he has a very quick and effective delivery.

SCANNELL is the right kind of a man for referee. He shoots on short notice, and his arm is usually as accurate as his decision.

THEY haven't decided yet, in Ansonia, Conn., whether the recent deluge was occasioned by a bad dam break or a by a dam bad break.

"SWEET are the uses of adversity." That's the saccharine remark with which Billy Madden consoled Charley Mitchell the other night.

WAIT till we get control of the markets of Mexico and South America. Then there will be no further complaints of over-production.

THE cold wave announced is no doubt due to the fact that the disbanded baseball-players will in a day or two be working the country on their check.

THOSE bombs that are continually being exploded in Europe, to the intense alarm of everybody and to the injury of nobody, are probably composed of sawdust.

WHEN the Clericals are victorious in Belgium it means riots, and when the Liberals are triumphant it means riots. They are pretty sure of their riots, anyhow.

EL MAHDI has got into trouble. Some of the Arab tribes have revolted and resumed their regular business—highway robbery. They say that bossism must go.

WOMAN has advanced in value in Texas, and she is now worth as much as a horse. A man was actually lynched there the other day for stealing another man's wife.

MAUD S. can't stand fast time—done by a locomotive. Her trip to Lexington, Ky., shook her up so badly that her groom, Grant, says he fears she was seriously disabled.

THE Canadian voyageurs with the Gordon relief expedition have mutinied and given no end of trouble. A Canadian hates to Canuck-le to constituted authority every time.

"THE man that knows it all" has been a very conspicuous figure at all the recent boxing matches. And yet, come to think of it, his opinion has to be taken with a copper, every time.

Two big exciting glove matches between champions—past, present, and to come—and yet no disorder, no breach of the peace, no unruly conduct—nothing in short to object to. If this is kept up, boxing matches will soon be as fashionable and as generally attended as Italian opera.

ST. JOHN sticks.—Denver Rocky Mountain News. Ah! ha! Thought so! He's like the rest of the world and takes his soda with a wink every time. What is the St. John "stick," anyhow?

WHY doesn't somebody collar Tichborne-Orton-De Castro for the great American dime museum interest? Perhaps, on second thoughts, Ben Butler has got a monopoly of the claimant business in America.

IN Chicago they arrest women for wearing Mother Hubbards—but the much more indecent and revelatory Jersey doesn't get its patrons into any trouble. The Jersey is infinitely the worse of the two.

THE hog-cholera is raging in Pennsylvania. Old man Rhinelander is scared to death, and says he wouldn't go to Philadelphia for a new pedigree. He's right. The hog-cholera is awfully catching—among hogs.

MITCHELL feels sore, physically and mentally, both. Never mind, Charlie. It's a long (pugilistic) lane that has no turning. Keep cool, behave yourself and do your level best and you'll soon reconquer your old position.

THE English soldiers in Egypt have been particularly cautioned not to speak rudely or profanely to the camels. Probably the motive of this order is the fact that a camel gets its back up more easily than any other variety of animal.

A PRETTY good ten cents' worth again, eh? There isn't a paper published in any of the five great continents of the globe that can come up to the POLICE GAZETTE. Our illustrations alone this week are a miracle in themselves.

MRS. CUSTER, widow of the late lamented general, is poor and friendless. Sitting Bull is a popular museum curiosity, and makes \$250 a week. Wonder what Mrs. Custer feels when she reads of his great financial success and realizes her own poverty.

IN Detroit, when a girl dies of malpractice, they cut her open and print not only full descriptions, but actual diagrams of the state of her vital organs. But if the POLICE GAZETTE only alludes to the crime, the pious Detroiters prohibit the newsmen from handling it.

MOTHER HUBBARD seems to be as much of "a living issue" this campaign as Belva Lockwood. In Chicago the girls say the reason why the police object to the dress is more dog-in-the-manger envy. Like the original old Mother Hubbard's canine, they want a "bone" every time.

THE summer is nearly over and the period of "laying up" is at hand. One of the interesting questions of the hour is, "What does the baseball-player do with himself in cold weather?" The only answer that occurs to us is that he sits by a base-burner stove and keeps himself warm with hot balls.

A. M. SULLIVAN was a very great and very able man—but his death didn't make half the sensation that would have followed news of the demise of some fellow of that ilk. The two Sullivans have impressed their fellow-men in different ways. John L.'s impressions have been the more marked and the more emphatic.

SPEAK as we may of the dignity of the law and of the lawlessness of lynchings, few people will weep their eyes out or tear their hair over the action of the Blaine and Logan Club at La Crosse in promptly hanging to a tree the cold-blooded villain who shot their commander in the back as he marched at the head of his column.

WHAT arrant nonsense the statement that pugilists go in simply for the love of the art and have no hatred or personal prejudices. It only took one glimpse at Billy Edwards' face during the Mitchell-Burke match to realize how cordially he hates Mitchell. If Burke ever had an enthusiastic and ardent second he had one in William of the Hoffman House.

THE POLICE GAZETTE is such an enormous, overshadowing, overwhelming sort of a concern that its little brother, the *Week's Doings*, for all its big circulation and astonishing popularity, seems like a baby. And yet when the *Daily News* of Oct. 19 came across a copy of the *Doings*, it thought enough of the younger to say:

That admirably-illustrated paper, the *Week's Doings*, published by Richard K. Fox, took a new departure yesterday in its general make-up. In addition to the striking engravings and entertaining reading matter which heretofore adorned its pages it has been decided to establish a Youths' Department, containing stories and other reading matter for the young, and valuable prizes will be given each week for the best stories written by boys. There will also be original stories written by well-known authors. All the important events of the day will be finely illustrated and amateur sports of all sorts will form a leading feature of the paper.

Who was the gilly who humbugged Mr. Bergh into believing that Maud S. was driven with "whip and spur"? Brother Blair clambering into a sulky with a big pair of Mexican rowels on his heels to drive a trotting mare would be a sight for gods and men, as well as for the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

ONE of the genuine humorists of America is Lewis (M. Quad), of the *Detroit Free Press*. It is hard to tell which is the more admirable, the more humane and the more natural—his pathos or his comedy. The lurid vulgarity of Peck, contrasted with Lewis' delicacy and simplicity, is like the comparison of a beer-garden electric light with the pure silver of a harvest moon.

A FRENCH physician has discovered what he pronounces a new disease called "utremia," the most prominent symptom of which is an unconquerable aversion to getting out of bed in the morning. A "new disease," eh? As soon as school vacation ends, nearly every fourteen-year-old boy in town who suffered from this disease two months ago will have a sudden relapse, and the most prominent symptoms of utremia will appear.

ABOUT as handsome a body of men as ever marched shoulder to shoulder went by the POLICE GAZETTE office when the policemen of New York escorted the body of Commissioner Nichols across the great bridge. It was a reassuring spectacle, and so long as New York's "coppers" present such a spectacle of brawn and muscle the Communistic cranks can do their howling and raving without much damage to the public peace.

THE fellow Stanton, who murdered his friend and school-mate, Nash, in Germantown, the other day, was a member of the Young Men's Christian Association; so was his victim. Like a good many other Christian young men, these two chaps were addicted to unnatural crimes and practices too revolting to mention. If all that could be told of the Y. M. C. A.'s of the United States could be got into print, the country would be shocked from one end to the other.

WE very much doubt the dignity of a court that lets lawyers and parties to cases call each other liar, villain, scoundrel, and the like, but we rather admire the consistency of the Louisville judge, who, having permitted this sort of thing on the part of one side of the case, sat back and let the abused person sail in and mop the matting with the anatomy of the abuser. It is Kentucky's way, and, on the whole, it is not so bad a way, either.

WHAT a nest of mean, vile, contemptible Puritanism New Haven must be! A worthy German named Steinecke has been prosecuted with as much intensity and rancor as if he had committed a murder, for the dreadful crime of giving a thirsty wayfarer a glass of beer on a Sunday. Anything more dastardly than this persecution in the nineteenth century it would be hard to imagine. How the New Havenites must regret their inability to hang him over a slow fire, as they used to three centuries ago!

A EUROPEAN tourist says that he has had ample opportunity to study the habits of the French hog in traveling and finds that the American hog is an infant beside him. The French hog spreads his baggage over most of the compartment and sprawls all over the rest. He is fat, he smells of garlic, he is nervous about travel, and more inquisitive than the most prying Yankee. The German treatment of the French hog was quite as severe, come to think of it, as it was of the American animal.

"SOAP" McALPINE don't let the flies gather on him to any appreciable extent. Some time ago he sat in a ticket-scalper's office in Chicago thinking over the ways and means of "working" his way to New York. The scalper happened to be out. "Soapy" was lost in speculation, a "granger" entered, and taking the bold McAlpine for the scalper, handed him a \$20 bill and asked for a ticket to Peoria. "Soap" requested him to wait while he went out for change. The "granger" hasn't got his ticket or the cash, but "Soap," within the next twenty-eight hours, was safe in New York. "Scap" is quite given to "sud-den" inspirations of this sort.

WE can't even comply with a city ordinance in our usual quiet, law-abiding way, but the other newspapers get on to us and compliment us to an extent that makes us really purple with offended modesty. Here's how the *Star* alludes to our new and if the truth must be confessed, elegant fire-escapes:

Richard K. Fox is nothing if not magnificent. Called on to put up a fire-escape on the front of his business palace, he decorates the building with balconies and ladders of bronze that are works of art. They have slung in *alto relievo* all over them, and instead of suggesting retreat, as fire-escapes generally do, they rather suggest the "staying" quality.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Specimens of Wit and Humor Culled From Many Sources.

GOOD humor is de safes' quality in a man. As long as de dog wags his tail dar ain' no danger in him.

IT is said that if you take a string and wrap it three times round a Chicago girl's foot you have her exact height.

THE girl of the period utters an exclamation when she hears the interrogation: "How is your coachman to-day?"

"WILL you have a 25 cent dinner, sir, or a 55-cent one?" "What is the difference between the two?" "Ten cents, sir!"

SAYS an experienced bachelor:—"The best thing to take when you go to kiss a pretty girl—take time. The more you take the better she likes it."

WIFE—"John, our coachman must go!" "But, why, my dear? Our only daughter is married." "Yes, but—John, I'm not so very old myself, you know."

HE—I want you to understand, miss, that you can't make a fool of me. She—I am not so irreverent as to suppose I could improve on the Divine handiwork.

THE cold winds of autumn remind the farmers that it will soon be time to put their cattle under cover. Ye who have steers to shed prepare to shed them now.

A BARBER says that it is the rich who become bald the soonest. No wonder. A poor man can't afford to indulge in the luxury of the hair tonic which cheers, yet deteriorates.

A LAWYER engaged in a case tormented a witness so much with questions that the poor fellow at last cried for water. "There," said the judge, "I thought you'd pump him dry."

"If you want to look for heroes in our day," says a woman writer, "you must look for them in the kitchen." Fact. That's where the policeman spends most of his time while on duty.

"WHAT are woman's rights?" demanded a frenzied female orator, glaring at her audience. "What are woman's rights?" she repeated. "Funeral rites," answered a voice near the door.

"Is land high in Vermont?" asked a speculator, of an old Green Mountain farmer. "You just bet it is!" was the reply. "If the trees wasn't so stunted the clouds couldn't get by at all!"

"THERE is nothing impossible to the determined spirit," says a philosopher. Evidently that philosopher never tried to reach up behind his shoulder to get hold of the end of a broken suspender.

"THAT is rather a shabby pair of pantaloons you have on for a man of your position." "Yes, sir; but clothes do not make the man. What if my pantaloons are shabby and worn, sir? They cover a warm heart, sir."

"MRS. GIMPS," said a little girl the other day, "my mother sent me over to invite you to come and take tea with us." "Did she say what time I should come?" "No, ma'am; she only said you should come and then it would be off her mind."

"I SUPPOSE," he remarked, as he returned from the barber shop with his hair cropped closely to his head, "you will call attention now to the size of my ears." "Oh, no," she replied, sweetly, "that would be altogether unnecessary, dear."

A LADY reader writes that she had been losing her hair recently, and wants to know what she shall do to prevent it. Either keep your bureau drawer locked, or else discharge the hired girl and get another of a complexion differing from yours.

NEW YORK millionaire—"Are the girls locked up for the night, wife?" "Yes." "Coachman chained?" "Yes." "Has the patent butcher-catcher in the front yard been oiled so that it works well?" "Yes." "Well, we might as well chloroform the gardener and go to sleep."

"I WAS sitting in the bus, and the prisoner was beside me, when, suddenly, I felt him introducing his hand into my pocket in a clumsy manner." Prisoner, bursting into tears—Your Honor, I implore the protection of the Court. I protest against any slanders on my professional ability.

"WELL, that debt is settled, thank goodness!" exclaimed a youth, as he came out of his tailor's shop. "Why, did you pay him already for that suit you bought last week?" Inquired his friend. "No, but it amounts to the same thing." "How so?" "I offered to pay him, but he told me not to mention it, and you can just bet I never will."

"YES, brethren," says the clergyman, who is preaching the funeral sermon, "our deceased brother was cut down in a single night—torn from the arms of his loving wife, who is thus left a desolate widow at the early age of twenty-four years." "Twenty-two, if you please," sobbs the widow, in the front pew, emerging from her handkerchief for an instant.

"WHAT kind of looking man was it that called Jones a liar?" asked Mrs. Bang's of her husband. "Oh! he was short and stout, with blue eyes, light hair, and a nice repousse—" "Ner retousse, my dear," corrected Mrs. B. "Repousse means hammered or pounded." "Thank you, love," rejoined Bangs. "Then that is just the word to describe it when Jones got done with him."

SHE went to the roller-skating rink, And put the sliders on; A strap or two about her shoe, And then she's off and gone.

SHE slid, she glided, she glid, she glode, Unheeded by fear or fitter, But at last the gentle maid was "throwd," And the roller-skates upset her.

A ROCK FERRY girl told her young man that she would never marry him until he was worth a thousand dollars. So he started out with a brave heart to make it. "How are you getting on, George?" she asked at the expiration of a couple of months. "Well," George said, hopefully, "I have saved four dollars fifty cents." The girl dropped her eyelashes, and blushing remarked, "I think that's near enough, George."

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

The Idle Chatter of the Old Crows, Parrakeets and Jays of the Histrionic Stage.

Gerald Hickey is on a tour in Australia. He ought to stay there.

Jim Hoarn's "Hearts of Oak" performance is said to be the most wooden show on the road.

Irving and Terry have been playing in Buffalo. The death rate at the Erie County Hospital has been considerably increased in consequence.

Col. Mapleson has discovered a new tenor. If he is as hard up as usual, Mapleson would have preferred to find one fiver.

Min, the ex-reverend tragedian, is pursuing his lead way farther and farther West. He already threatens to invade Alaska.

Den Wolfe has written a new play. He says he will not engage another actress to play the leading part. Den's head, as usual, is level.

Den Butler used to be an amateur actor in his youth. Unluckily he was born before "Pinafur" was produced, otherwise what a Dick Dead Eye! Oh! Golly.

Bertie O'Reilly-Cutter-Welby has positively retired from the stage; but, so far as we can ascertain, still holds out against becoming a resident of the Old Ladies' Home.

Daly's "Wooden Spoon" seems to be a pretty good go. "Flapdoodle" is said to be the stuff on which fools are fed. A "Wooden Spoon" is just the thing to serve it up with.

There was a very touching episode during the recent performance of "Silba" in Brooklyn. One of the coryphees was recognized by her grandchildren and asked for her blessing.

Maude Forrester has eloped with her groom. You can see quite as much of Maude Forrester for your money as you can of Maude S., and, like her namesake, has got a daisy of a record to beat.

Adelaide Cherie is playing with Jack Eckhardt's "Pavements of Paris" Company. She is said to inject a good deal of feeling, and sympathy into the paving-stones of the French metropolis.

Lulu Hurst's odious forage on the Pacific coast carried Fred S. Mason's coat, hat, brim and bank account, and he looks as if he had been run through a threshing machine. What a Jonah he is!

Dolliver Dowd and his dramatic nightmare are still on the road. This is one of the most striking of all proofs that mental imbecility is rather on the increase than otherwise in the rural districts.

Fred. Ward is making quite a hit down South. He divides interest with all the small circus and has already accumulated thirteen dollars and twenty cents and a case of chronic malaria.

Jim Duffie is a son of old man Plum Duff. He has also a company on the road. It is an operatic company, and everybody who sees it says that old man Duff ought to take young man Duff up a blind alley and kill him.

About half the principal stars are laid off "on account of illness" until after the Presidential election. There is a general disposition to doubt the truth of the excuse—but it's so. Bad business has made them all sick.

Howard Taylor has just finished a play which he calls "Ripples." With unusual magnanimity he swears that D. L. L. wrote it. D. L. L. is not to be outdone, declares he won't have it, and that Taylor is the only real author.

It gives one a cold shiver to learn that Effie Gorman has got a mother living, and that the old lady is playing up at Wallack's theatre. Perhaps, after all, it has been the mother who has been doing the mashing this last ten years.

Lady Archibald Campbell is a sister-in-law of Princess Louise, and a stage-struck amateur. She is crazy to enter the profession—in leg pants. She is more than willing to defer the question of her qualifications to the Prince of Wales.

Mrs. John Jack is shortly going out on the road in a new play. Let us hope that none of her company will have to go to Banke for Waukenphast shoes. Her prospects for success ought to be good—as she is a really solid actress; in fact, a Firm-up.

The "light" business to which theatres have been playing lately is torchlight. No show on the road can, all things being equal, compare with a procession of dirty and greasy young men, under the influence of benzine, shouting for Cleveland or Blaine.

"One of the greatest needs of the American stage at the present is young, talented and attractive women," Joe Jefferson is reported to have said. The next mail brought him a letter of indignant protest from Bertha Welby and Fanny Janauschek.

A woman who claims to be 113 years of age has been discovered in the lap of poverty in a Chicago suburb. Her advanced age and venerable appearance make her eligible to membership in that sprightly organization, the Boston Ideal Opera Company.

What a truly wonderful woman Minnie Conway-Lovely-Bear must be! Three weeks ago she gave birth to a boy, and now, according to the dramatic newspapers, she has just had another. Tearie ought to be proud of such a brilliant and prolific wife.

Harry Dixey, it is noticed with great interest and curiosity, wears the same hat now that he did years ago. This is one of the signs that Dixey is not a great actor. An actor is never entirely great until his head has swollen out of all proportion to the rest of him.

Townsend Percy is hard at work pushing his customers. Eddie Xarlow is the latest subject of his ingenious inventions. He says she has been taking lessons of Signor Delari, a celebrated Italian opera singer, whereas there is no such artist, Italian or otherwise.

Poor Hugh Fay is so ill that he cannot go on with his engagement this season. Consumption in an aggravated form has set in and his days are numbered. Hughey is one of the brightest fellows that

ever went from the variety to the so-called "legitimate" stage.

Dear little Sarah Martin, who is better known to fame as Sadie Martinot, sits up of nights weeping over the news that Dying Boucicault is on his last legs. He has been more than a father to her—a good deal more, in fact—and she feels terribly over his impending demise.

George S. Knight and his wife, Sophie Worrell, are on the road with a play known as "Over the Garden Wall." Enough bricks have been thrown at them to make a garden wall for Boston common. No show is so acridulated, not to say so tart, as that given by the Knight family.

Gallagher & Gilmore, of Philadelphia, have severed their relations to each other. Gilmore says that Gallagher is a ———, and Gallagher says that Gilmore is a ———. Gentlemen who are on equal terms with either of the contestants say that both of them are ———.

Robert Buchanan says that America, after all, is not such a very rough and uncivilized country as he thought it was. Robert has discovered a boarding-house where he can get ten meals a day and hot meat at each meal. He feels quite reconciled to the blasted country in consequence.

Janauschek has been playing in Brooklyn at the Lee Avenue Academy of Music. Ed. Price says that she lost about ten pounds of weight during the week's performance. That quantity of extra and exhausted matter, at least, was swept off the stage the week of her engagement.

A Rochester leader, after the third act of "Romeo and Juliet," which closes by Tybalt being slain by Romeo, caused his orchestra to play, "I'll Meet You When the Sun Goes Down" and "We Never Speak as We Pass By." He had an eye for "the eternal fitness of things," that leader had.

George Rignold is in Australia. His audiences declare that if he were accidentally killed he would yield one of the most remarkable crops of suit on record. An admiring and critical Melbourne butcher says that George dramatically represents about sixteen quarts of good gravy.

A horrible and gruesome dufer named Louis de Lange is ravaging the Wild West in the transparent guise of a comedian. Men who have seen De Lange play comedy have gone home speechless. No sane person ever saw De Lange in a comical part and desired to live twenty-four hours afterward.

Miss Elina Courtney will shortly reappear as Fairy W. W. W. at Niblo's Garden. The fact that a pair of lights and a fig-leaf are all that conceal her from view, encourages us to believe that Miss Courtney will be easily and enthusiastically recognized when she again makes her blushing bow.

Will Stuart, better known by his nom de plume of "The Walzing Ham," is now in London. A horrible rumor is gaining ground to the effect that Stuart will play Paris in Mary Anderson's revival of "Romeo and Juliet." He is the sort of actor who would best become a pound of Paris green.

Len Grover sued Carl Swain and got an injunction against her continuing to play "Cad, the Tomboy." He has also been sued by his ex-attorney, who is Carl's lawyer, for \$500 fees alleged to be due him. Leonard ought to sit down and write a good play instead of fooling away his time in litigation over a bad one.

There seems to be trouble in the Carleton English Opera Company. Will Davis, the business manager thereof, is said to show more zeal than discretion in pushing the artistic claims of his wife—Jessie Bartlett. So long as there is English opera there will be bitter heart-burnings and jealousies. It's the nature of the beast.

An agonized Indiana correspondent writes: "Can any one tell why Greencastle, a city of 6,000, a splendid show town, with fine, rich agricultural district surrounding it and located on three great trunk lines should be skipped by all circuses? We have had no circus this season! God is evidently good to Greencastle."

A clergyman who attended a performance of "Hazel Kirke" at the Griswold Opera House in Troy died of paralysis during the first act. It has been known for a long time among doctors to be a frequent cause of softening of the brain, but this is the first time, we believe, that it has knocked the life out of one of its auditors.

Elliot Barnes has got somebody to come forward and relieve him of the imputation of having written "An Artist's Daughter." It is rumored that he offered Donnarumma \$10,000 to say he did it. Nobody in his sober senses would put up with such an accusation, much less make it against himself, except for a very heavy price.

The rumormongers of all "goes," according to Jack Barnes, is Donnarumma's pretense to have invented and written "The Artist's Daughter." Elliot of that ilk may be a pretty tart playwright, but whatever credit belongs to the new play at the Union Square seems to be the property of the ungrammatical and unintelligible Barnes.

Bebe Vining, the dear, sweet, heart-broken young creature who was so wickedly deceived by a naughty, naughty man, receives a higher salary and is billed round the country by her manager as "the heroine of the DeWolf bigamy sensation." And yet they call this nauseous business a "profession" and an "art," and want to have it respected. Bah!

Poor dear old Lester Wallack! There is only the shortest of little whiles between him and his obituary, and yet he tries to keep up his pose before the American public as the only American manager on this continent who can act *in persona* parts. His great-grandfather used to be a rope-dancer. Perhaps that fact explains his own wire-drawn career as an artist.

There is a rumor that the beautiful and accomplished Harry Dixey is a married man. This will be a great blow to the countless thousands of young and susceptible virgins who, on seeing his portrait published simultaneously in all the dramatic weeklies, rushed to buy seats at the Bijou to observe his charms in "Adonis." The real Adonis of the Bijou Opera House is John Ponnelly.

McCullough's story about Joe Brooks was another proof that poor John's mind is "way off." Brooks acted in good faith and with exceptional patience as his manager, and it does seem a little hard that the only return he gets for it is such a slur as that which McCullough wantonly put upon him. At the

same time, Brooks is one of the very men who declared that McCullough was no more crazy than they were.

Henderson, the queer, kind, good-hearted, but rather "neat" little gentleman, who used to "run" the Standard theatre and now conducts the Jersey City Academy of Music, has got for a treasurer little Max Hirsch, who, with Harry Fiske, used to make the Standard box-office the most popular in town. Little Max was brought up in a good school, and it is pleasant to see that even Jersey City hasn't proved fatal to his manners.

Harry Chanfrau is playing "Kit" in his father's place. He will be accompanied by Cliff Tayleur as business manager. When the show gets to Baltimore, however, Clifton will not be with it. It is an interesting coincidence that one Al. Fulton, a man of might, who strikes hard and kicks vigorously, resides in Baltimore, and breathes forth threats perpetually to the effect that he will wipe the sidewalk with the aforesaid Tayleur.

"Ivanoff" is a new drama, written by a Rochester doctor, and Adeline Stanhope has been engaged to play the leading part. It is an agreeable fact that the fair yet frugal Adeline has made the play-writing sawbones "put up" a month's salary for her in advance. If every actor and actress were equally wise, the fund wouldn't be drawn upon so often for the price of the passage home. At the same time, the medical author of "Ivanoff" will truthfully confess in a couple of weeks "I've more than enough."

Carrie Turner and Florence Gerard have had a real fight, the dear, naughty creatures. Florence scratched Carrie's sweet little face and slapped her darling and indefatigable jaw. Carrie has left the Bayley Company in consequence, and says she'll be jiggered if ever she gets into another combination with Florence. Don't let it be forgotten, all the while, that the business which makes two young women fight like a couple of beladames on Dover street is an "art," and that those who profess it are "artists."

Col. T. Alston Brown (men: to printer—be sure and put the T in) is negotiating with a Puritan agent for a wonderful attraction in the shape of a natural curiosity. We feel ourselves justified in saying that it is not the original manuscript of "The Artist's Daughter," nor a portrait of Manager The. Morris with hair on his head. The market, however, is crowded, and unless it is something to match Casanar's complexion, for instance, it won't be much of a curiosity.

The most inveterate and unforgiving enemy of McKee Rankin could not ask for a more terrible and significant calamity for his foe than the failure of McKee to "catch on" at the Third Avenue theatre. Female ushers and all the other scilicet and illegitimate methods which Rankin knows how to employ count for nothing under the new dispensation. In about six years from now Rankin will have withdrawn from the theatrical arena, and sought a refuge in the Forrest Home.

A pretty tough, not to say disgraceful, break-down was that of Janick. After all Sargent's blowing and bragging, there wasn't enough "boodle in the kick" to pay the company their salaries for the first week. The little cash in the concern went into the pocket of the sole survivor of the George Edgar Syndicate. It is a significant circumstance that his other paying customer, Janauschek, closed her season immediately after publishing the pamphlet he got \$100 to write for her in abuse of the *Herald* critic.

Barton Key is the manager of the new opera company at present playing at Wallack's Star theatre. He was associated with Comley for a good many years, and those who know him say that he can sing exceedingly small when cornered. When Jo Jo, the dog-faced man, was first introduced to the curiosity-seeking public, the impression gained ground that Barton was the real subject of canine notoriety. But, beyond doubt, Barton is not the dog-faced man. He only figures *au contrain* as the operatic hippopotamus.

Howard Taylor and David Belasco met for the first time since their recent discussion over the authorship to "May Blossom" in a box at the Fourteenth Street theatre the other night. Taylor was sitting with Miss Madden when Belasco entered. He turned white, but Taylor advanced his hand, and in a few minutes the reported and alleged authors were engaged in confidential confab. Some big lies must have been told in last summer's controversy. At present Taylor says that Belasco really wrote "May Blossom," while Belasco declares that it was Taylor.

Lotta is threatened with pneumonia, and this is how her fond, yet frugal mother alludes to the Bricktop's malady: "Did she cancel her dates in Philadelphia?" "Oh, dear, no," said Mrs. Crabtree, in a worldly tone, "that would have been a very silly proceeding. She was to have opened at the Chestnut Street Opera House last night; but I telegraphed that it could not be. The house was crowded, and I was deluged with dispatches. It has finally been arranged that if she possibly can play Saturday she will, but certainly not before then. Such an awful loss of money!" Mrs. Crabtree's head, at all events, is in the right place.

The firm of Eddy, Wheeler & Co. theatrical press agents, "put" workers and inventors of advertising gags, complain that collections are worse than hard. They are almost impossible. This is a shame, for there are no two more hard-working men in the trade than Wheeler and Eddy. The daily papers fairly groan with their paragraphs, interviews and "criticisms." Wheeler's Janick work, his celebrated apology for Janauschek and Eddy's clever preliminary paragraphs in the *World* ought to have brought them plenty of money. We are sorry to learn that it hasn't, and that Wheeler, at all events, will hereafter demand his payment in advance.

"Pete" McCourt, millionaire Tabor's brother-in-law and manager of the Tabor Grand Opera House in Denver, received a dispatch from Billy Florence, asking for a date in November. Fresh from the pastures of Oshkosh, McCourt knew nothing of the famous comedian and his wife. "Who the — are the Florences?" inquired he, in good round English. John Kearne, the theatrical agent, happened to be in the Tabor box-office at the time, and, sizing up the joke at once, replied: "The Florences! Why, have you never heard of that great song-and-dance team?" "Oh, yes, certainly—of course," replied McCourt, "but we can't let any such show into this house." And so he telegraphed the Florences that no variety show could get dates in Denver. Florence is the only man who doesn't see where the laugh comes in.

BRIGANDAGE IN AMERICA.

A Party of Italian Laborers Hold a Contractor as Hostage for Back Pay.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On Thursday night, Oct. 16, about seventy-five Italian laborers employed at the Wellesley Water Works seized the contractor, Cornelius F. Dacey, of Neponset, from a Boston and Albany train, beat him, and then held him prisoner in a barn, where they defied the town authorities.

The men had not been paid for some time and they began to call for their money. Mr. Dacey did not satisfy their demands and then they began to make threats, and finally decided to capture the contractor and hold him as a hostage until they were paid. The contractor was discovered on the train, and was forcibly taken out and his life threatened if he resisted. He was not injured, but two of his foremen did not escape so well, as they received severe beatings.

The aid of the authorities of Boston was solicited by the captured contractor's friends, and about twenty policemen went to Wellesley. The Italians were all huddled into a barn or pigsty when the police arrived, and as no papers were out it was not a difficult matter to secure them. The police were ordered to draw their revolvers, and to use them if opposed by force. Arriving at the barn Sergeant McBryan flung the door wide open and springing inside presented the muzzle of his cocked revolver within six inches of the nose of the man nearest him. The Italians sprang from their couches on all sides. The officers commanded those who had arisen to lie down, and threatened death to any who should make the slightest show of resistance. The prisoner, Cornelius Dacey, was found near the door surrounded by a guard. Capt. White, who commanded the attacking party, sent him out of the building and none of his captors objected. About one-third of the men in the building were on guard when the police burst in upon them. The rest were herded closer than cattle in a pen upon the tiers of straw and rags asleep. The officers had handcuffs enough for about forty prisoners, but the swarming little shanty was found to contain no less than seventy-four men. Ropes were sent for and it took half an hour to make the prisoners secure. The procession, when it started, was a unique and amusing one. First came a squad of thirty-five or forty men, two by two in irons, flanked by officers; then followed a long "snap-the-whip" sort of line, of as many more men, tied together with a clothes-line. They were taken before the town authorities, where nineteen of the ringleaders were fined \$15 and costs each. Having no money they were sent to jail. The remainder were released.

VIGILANTES IN INDIANA.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On Saturday, Oct. 11, at Unionville, in the southwestern part of Orange county, remote from a railroad, a desperate encounter took place between a vigilance committee and two desperadoes and their friends, which resulted in two and probably three deaths, with two lynchings in prospect. In the early part of the week two men named Esperdiz and Miller, who had frequently broken jail at Leavenworth, Crawford county, took refuge at the house of the former's father, who is also the latter's brother-in-law. On Thursday the Sheriff of Crawford county, learning their whereabouts, secured the proper papers and, with one deputy, went in pursuit of them. On approaching the house, however, they were fired upon and driven away. Returning to Leavenworth the sheriff formed a posse of nine men and again went after the men the following day, but were again repulsed and forced to retire. That night Esperdiz and Miller went to Unionville heavily armed, went on a spree and terrorized the whole town, driving the inhabitants indoors. They then returned to Esperdiz's house.

Next day the citizens of Unionville raised a vigilance committee 200 strong, and, after organizing and drilling until Saturday afternoon, the party took up its march for the Esperdiz farm, and surrounded the place just after sunset. Upon demanding the surrender of the two men they were answered by a shot from the house, which had been securely barricaded. The fire was returned, and the desperadoes finally captured the place. The father of Esperdiz, the wife of Miller and an eighteen-year-old son of the elder Esperdiz were fatally wounded, and the two first have since died. Esperdiz and Miller escaped in the darkness, but the vigilantes are now in pursuit, with every prospect of capturing them, in which event they will most certainly be lynched.

LASHING A FRESH.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Fred. W. Cohen, a drummer for a jewelry house, registered at the Pickwick Hotel, Fort Worth, Ark., from Richmond, Va., last week. He was exhibiting his samples in a store where lady clerks were employed. One young lady looked at his samples, when he opened a conversation and finally made improper proposals, asking her to go to a beer-garden with him, and go out buggy riding at night. The lady indignantly refused, and when the drummer left began to cry. Urging elicited the story, and, having no male relatives, a gentleman friend enlisted fifteen of the young men of the city with him, who sent Cohen a note in the lady's name making an appointment. Cohen was on time. So were the fifteen avengers of a poor, unprotected girl. He was escorted to a room, and resolutions denunciatory of his course were read to him. With a pistol pointing to his heart he was ordered to take off his coat, when forty-five lashes were vigorously given with a buggy whip—three lashes by each man. This done he was ordered to settle his bill and go to Dallas or elsewhere at once. He paid his bill and left. The fifteen declare their intention of defending any woman from insult who has no natural male protector.

WORKING THE GROWLER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A "growler" gang went into the saloon of Philip H. Brady, at Worth and Mulberry streets, on Oct. 13, and demanded drinks for the crowd. "An' we want 'em for nothin', too," added one.

"Yes, or we'll clean out the place," said another. "Well, you won't get 'em for nothin', an' you won't clean out the place," answered Brady, who is a strapping fellow with fists as big as hams. The bartender came from behind the bar and walked into the crowd, and the proprietor, who is equally sturdy, battered the intruders with empty beer-kegs. In about ten seconds the saloon was as empty as it had been two minutes before, and the faces of several of the gang gave evidence of mourning.

A Full Dress Affray.

A swell dinner party at the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, a few days ago, was enlivened with a dish served hot which was not down on the bill of fare, and which was much enjoyed by the guests, in the shape of a scrapping match between a sporting man with a national reputation and a well-known man about town. The match, like the dinner, was not a common fight, but was excessively swell, and was done up in accordance with strictly *comme-il-faut*, *en-regle* rules, both of the principals being attired in faultless evening dress and both having too much courtesy to seriously injure the other. It all arose from the mixing of politics and sporting matters with highly spiced viands and rich old wines, a mixture which invariably results in direful consequences. James Buslin, who has been in the city for a week past, was tendered a banquet by a party of friends from New York and Chicago, who happened to be in the hotel. Both the dinner and the fight were impromptu, but pleasant and charming affairs. Among the score or more *bon vivants* who sat around the festal board were Col. Joe Rickey, who is probably better known than any other man in the country among sporting and political circles at New York, Washington, Chicago and St. Louis, and Otto Schulenberg, the President of the St. Louis Refrigerator and Wooden Gutter Company.

In the course of the evening the subject of politics came up, and a number of bets on the result of the presidential election were discussed and placed. Rickey and Schulenberg took part in the discussion, of course, and a big bet was made up between the two gentlemen. Col. Rickey offered to bet \$5,000 even that Cleveland would be elected, and his offer was promptly accepted by Mr. Schulenberg. The matter was discussed over the

wine and led to high words, which resulted in Col. Rickey emphasizing his arguments by a terrible blow at Mr. Schulenberg's nose.

Mr. Schulenberg parried this insult and assault, and sent a retaliatory blow in his opponent's direction. The two gentlemen then executed a few graceful steps and, "sashaying" in the most approved manner, caught each other by the waist. Any one looking on would have thought that they were about to glide into a stag waltz, but those who knew the preliminary measures appreciated the fact that a fearful contest was about to take place. In the first motions both men made desperate attempts to disfigure the other. Both struck out an indefinite number of times before they clinched, and Rickey succeeded in

agely at his opponent, and then Schulenberg would get one leg around his heavy-weight second and would kick brutally at Rickey. For a short time there was a terrible mingling of oaths, shrieks, epithets, spike tails, shirt fronts, standing collars, clinched fists, patent-leather pumps, studs and, white ties which, it seemed, must inevitably result in the shedding of some blood, but this was happily averted by the efforts of the peace-makers.

After the struggle was over the breach of friendship was patched up by mutual friends and everything seemed as gay and smiling as a May morning, although it is feared that the truce was a merely temporary one, and the two gentlemen may come together again with more serious consequences.



VIGILANTES IN INDIANA.

THE CITIZENS OF UNIONVILLE, ORANGE CO., IND., TAKE THE LAW IN THEIR OWN HANDS AND CHASE A COUPLE OF DESPERADOES TO THEIR LAIR.



A DETERMINED OBSTRUCTIONIST.

HOW A COLORADO CATTLE-RAISER COLLECTED PAY FOR A CALF KILLED BY A RAILROAD TRAIN.



A FULL DRESS AFFRAY.

A GENTLEMANLY SCRAPPING MATCH OVER A POLITICAL BET IN A SWELL ST. LOUIS HOTEL.

smashing Schulenberg's diamond stud, while the latter knocked the bow out of Rickey's white tie and wrinkled his shirt collar. Both were evidently very angry, as their flushed faces and excited words, from which all semblance of politeness had vanished, indicated. For some ten or fifteen minutes after the combatants clinched they wrestled around the rotunda, one with the evident intention of ruining the other's hair-dressing, while the other made desperate attempts to rumple the one's shirt front. Both attempts would certainly have succeeded, and Col. Rickey might have injured his opponent, as he was the stronger of the two, had not the friends of both interfered. Mr. Lyons, whose fighting weight is 200 pounds, and Mr. Gus Hibbard, who tips the beam at 250 or thereabouts, threw themselves recklessly on the combatants and attempted to separate them. It required some five or ten minutes to do so, because Col. Rickey would wriggle out from under his peacemaker and would strike sav-



LASHING A FRESH.

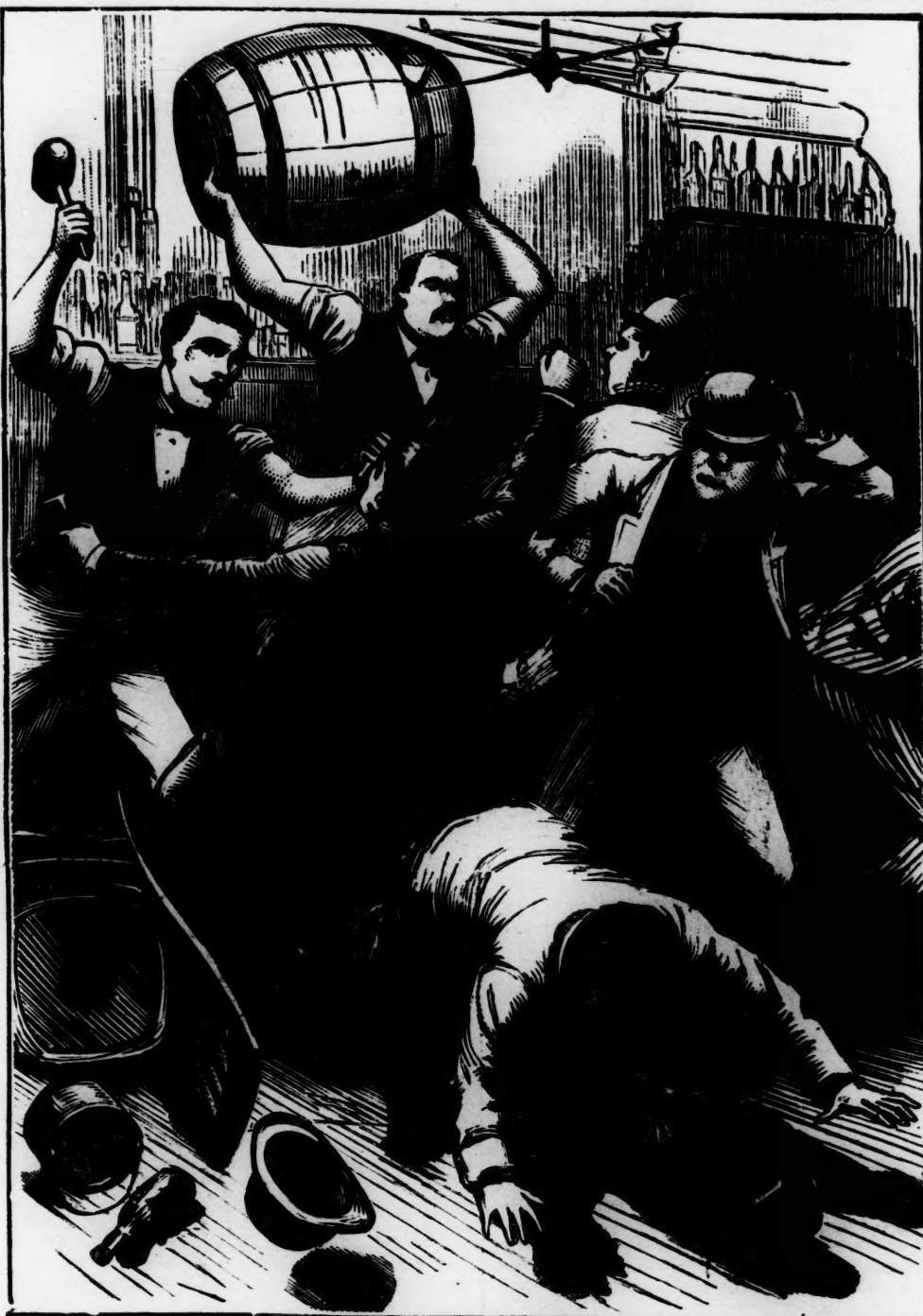
THE JUST PUNISHMENT OF A WASHING RICHMOND, VA., DRUMMER, BY THE STURDY YOUNG MEN OF FORT WORTH, ARKANSAS.

A Gray-Haired Rascal.

George H. Chatfield, a prisoner from Seymour, was consigned to the New Haven, Conn., jail last week on a charge of swindling. He is an old offender and it appears he was recently punished for the same thing by some of the citizens of Seymour, who shaved the right side of his head so closely that it resembled the half of a polished billiard ball. In addition to this he was tarred and feathered, and held under a

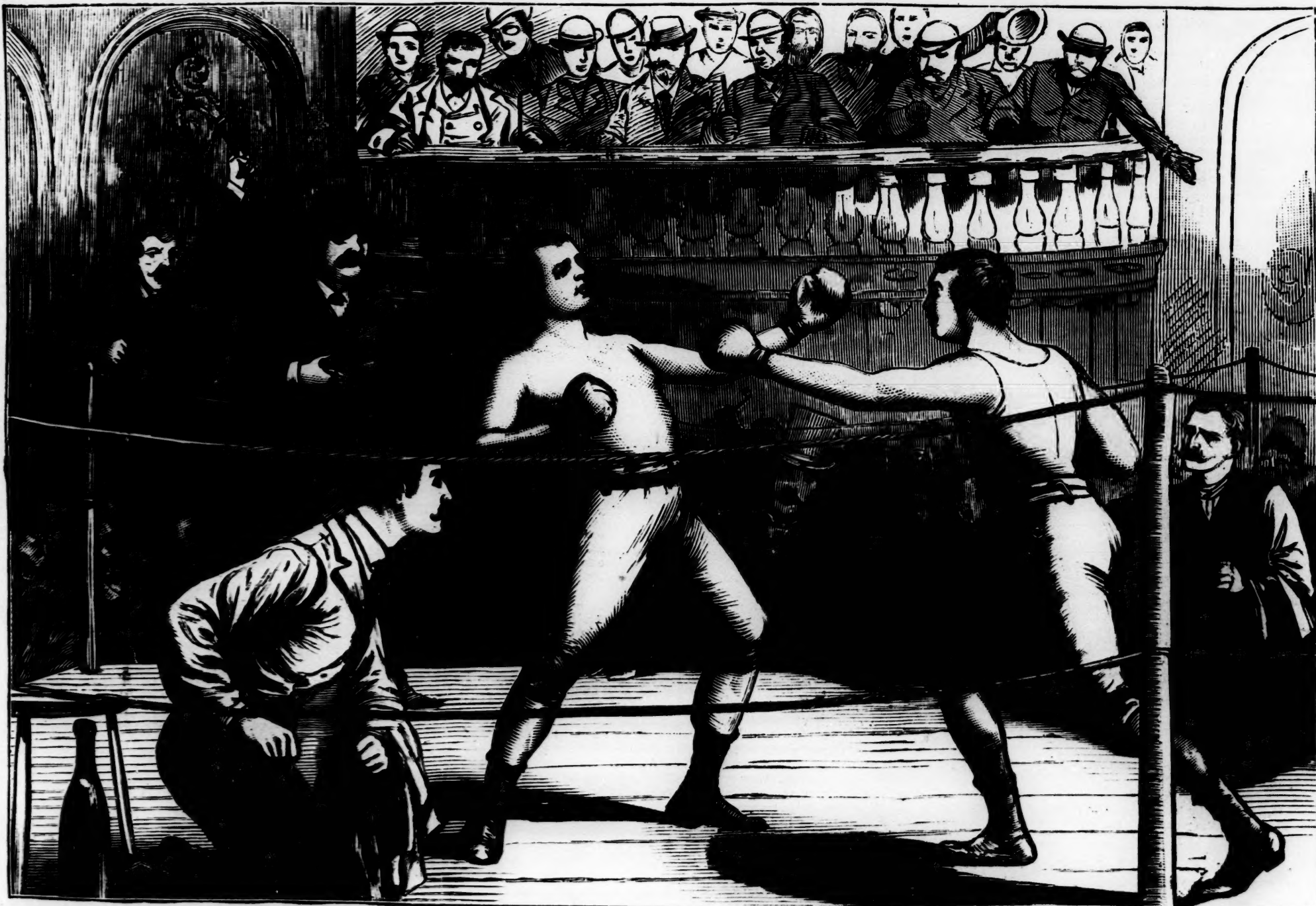
water-fall. His experience in the hands of his country victims turned his hair gray from terror.

At Alpine, Ga., Mrs. Mary H. Davis was shot dead in her own doorway by some person lying in ambush near the house. Her uncle, J. R. Dorsey, and a woman named Jane Watte, have been arrested. A significant fact is that Sam Hardwick, Mrs. Davis' cousin, was recently killed in the same manner.



WORKING THE GROWLER.

A PARTY OF ROUGHS MET A REAL LIVELY ONE WHEN THEY TRIED TO HANG UP A NEW YORK SALOON-KEEPER.



A FIGHT WITH NO NONSENSE ABOUT IT.

THE LIVELY SPARRING MATCH AT THE GERMANIA ASSEMBLY ROOMS BETWEEN CHARLEY MITCHELL AND JACK BURKE.

CITY SIDE-SHOWS.

What One Gets a Glimpse Of in the Dark
Alleys and Out-of-the-Way
Places of New York.

A newspaper reporter sallied out one night last week to try and catch some of the gentlemen who "prol" in the wee sma' hours in search of drunkards and other incapables. He held out unusual inducements to thieves and despondent persons by displaying a heavy brass chain and a Rhine-stone scarf-pin as large as a filbert. In his vest pocket was a large oroid watch, purchased for the occasion at a pawnbroker's, which he consulted ostentatiously whenever any wanderers of the night were passing.

When he reached the corner of Ninth street and Second avenue he was accosted by two inebriated men.



"Excuse me, but con-could you tell me wh-en a car will be along?"

"Don't be fended, misser. He's a lissel drunk. I'm takin' him home," said the drunker man of the two.

The information had hardly been given before a tough-looking fellow sauntered up and asked the time. With much difficulty the reporter produced his watch, which he took particular pains to expose in the glare of the lamp. He spent fully two minutes in ascertaining what time it was. The hands on the watch indicated half past six. The owner of the time-piece, knowing the unreliability of the jewel, stammered out: "Quarter past two." The man took a hasty measure of the "young fellow with the watch" and passed on.

Resuming his seat on the steps of a grocery the reporter watched the night as it wore away. Resting his head upon his knees he began to snore while he kept one eye open. Soon a man came along who needed the entire sidewalk. He halted in front of the writer. He was at once recognized as the man who had recently inquired the time. The man on the steps felt encouraged and snored louder.

"Here's yer car," the pretended inebriate shouted in a loud tone, but the reporter couldn't be awakened. The man scrobed at once. He coughed and immediately the other fellow appeared upon the scene.

"We'll have no trouble attending to him," said the first. "He's pretty groggy."

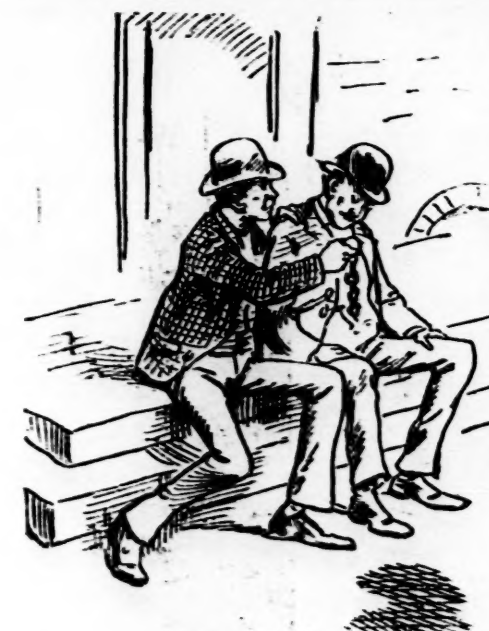
The first man seated himself by the writer, while the other watched up and down the street.

"Say, cap, are you asleep?" asked the robber, before beginning operations.

Not receiving an answer he loosened the attractive brass chain and, catching it by the end, gently raised it up, taking with it the watch.

"Here you are, Pete," he said, handing it to his companion. "Guess we can get \$50 on that."

The robber next removed the Rhine-stone scarf-pin, and then relieved the victim of his scarf. Then he put



his hand in the reporter's pocket, which contained an old wallet bulging with wads of paper.

The fellow had some trouble getting the pocket-book out and the reporter involuntarily moved to facilitate his work. This caused the pickpocket to say:

"I was just trying to wake you, mister. The police-man will soon be along."

The robber then went through the reporter's coat pockets, and was repaid for his search by finding a small sum of money that had been placed there as a place of safety.

"This is a pretty good coat the fellow has on," said the robber to his chum. "Believe I'll take it off."

Not having calculated on losing his coat, the reporter showed decided signs of restlessness. The man rose hastily and both started off.

"That only makes two fellows we've worked to-night," remarked the fellow who had the wallet. "We ought to do better than that of a Saturday night."

THE POLICE DOG, "NIGGER JIM."

One of the interesting and notable attractions at the coming show will be the police dog, Nigger Jim, which for twelve years has been an *habitué* of the Twenty-ninth precinct. Nigger Jim is a dog with a record. His pedigree cannot be traced. He was a vagrant dog till he concluded to cast his lot with the police. Notwithstanding his pedigree cannot be traced, Jim's career has demonstrated that he has heroic blood in his veins. Capt. A. S. Williams, who enters the dog at the exhibition, tells some of his experiences: One evening Jim was with Officer Evans at Twenty-eighth street and Seventh avenue, when a driverless horse attached to a wagon dashed through the street. Right in front of the team was a little two-year-old child on the crossing. A second more and the infant would have been trampled to death. Jim, quick as a flash, sprang to the street, seized the horse by the bit, bringing it to a halt within almost a hair's-breadth of the little innocent.

Another time the dog was with the same officer one morning when the latter saw a man with a suspicious-looking bundle going up Twenty-eighth street, and called to him to stop. The man dropped the bundle and ran. Jim pat chase and soon caught and held the fugitive, who proved to be a notorious thief, with the proceeds of a burglary just committed.

Officer Chapman, while on duty one morning, examined the door of the jewelry store under the Racket Club rooms and passed on, supposing everything was all right. His attention was quickly attracted, however, by Jim barking in the store. Investigation showed that burglars had cut away one of the bottom panels of the door entire so that it resembled the other, and thus would have passed unnoticed but for Jim.

At another time he disclosed a burglary in the "Gar-rick," a deep basement under Wallack's theatre, by entering through the door where a panel had been re-



moved and by barking attracting the attention of Officer Shaw.

Only recently, despite his age and attendant infirmities, he caught two criminals who were fleeing from the police. He was lying quietly on the station-house steps when he heard a rap for assistance. He responded, and, seeing the fleeing men, put instant chase, catching and holding one till the officer came up, then pursued and overhauled the other. These are but a few of the many instances in which Jim has rendered efficient and valuable assistance to the police.

Jim is very regular in his habits, never missing roll-call, which occurs five times daily. Like human beings, Jim has his prejudices; his likes and dislikes are very pronounced, yet he will not allow these to interfere with him in the performance of his duty, but off duty he shows his affection by closest devotion. Jim will have a sort of generous oversight of the other canines, and will see that no dog oversteps the boundaries of decorum.

AN UNINVITED GUEST WHO COULD NOT STAND THE
HORSE-PLAY IN A RESTAURANT.

A few nights ago a party of six men sat at a corner table in an up-town restaurant taking supper with a seventh man, who had been rendered somewhat conspicuous among men about town by his sudden resolve to renounce his former easy-going and luxurious style of life for the purpose of marrying a young woman who lived in Brooklyn. The dinner was about half over when a man drifted in through the lower door of the cafe and made his way with a flamboyant smile toward the supper party. He walked calmly, carried his cane under his arm and a cigarette in his left hand. He was dressed in a light business suit, and might be anywhere from thirty to seventy years of age. He had a gray mustache, patchy-whiskers and wore his hair full over the ears and bald at the top.

"This gentleman," said the host, waving his hand toward the new-comer, "is the most stupendous bore in New York. In the course of fifteen years I have found it impossible to sit down at a meal in a cafe or go to a decent up-town bar without being bored by this cheerful imbecile. Of course, you all know him. He will ring in on us now."

He did. The stranger bowed with great affability to everybody, including the waiter, continued to smile effusively, dragged up a chair without further invitation, and wedged himself in between the host and a tall young man with a gigantic mustache who had just come from Keokuk, and had never before met the "Commodore," as the bore was called. The stranger immediately pretended to be deaf and smiled vacantly but pleasantly upon the commodore. That worthy toiled with his gray mustache for a moment and then began to talk to him. The Keokukan insisted upon a repetition of every word until he had the commodore upon his feet, bawling into his ear. Still the Western man smiled vacantly, and, suddenly conceiving that he had been insulted, gravely filled a champagne glass full of vinegar and insisted upon the commodore's drinking it. There was a great deal of simulated excitement, but in the end, in order, as he said, to avoid a row in the restaurant, the commodore succumbed, and drank the glass to the bitter dregs. Then

he put his hand into his vest pocket to get a match, and brought out a pair of tatters which one of the party had placed there during the excitement. Another member of the group had poured half the contents of the cruet of cayenne pepper into the pocket of the unfortunate commodore during the struggle, and when he pulled out his handkerchief he sneezed seven times. He lighted his cigarette, however, said boys would be boys, and then laid his cigarette on the edge of the table while he rescued his hat from the hands



of a small man who had been regarding it curiously. The host carefully and thoughtfully turned the commodore's cigarette around, so that when he picked it up again he naturally put the lighted end in his mouth.

By this time he had grown a bit flustered, but he still smiled and said that he enjoyed good company as well as anybody if he could only have an occasional drink. A glass of champagne was handed to him and he raised it to his lips. Before he could drink, however, one of the men clutched his arm and begged him to wait until he had told a story. Six times the commodore raised the glass to his lips and six times he was obliged to put it down, until finally another glass was substituted without his knowledge which contained some tobacco and castor oil, with a dash of sweet oil on top to give it flavor. Here an eloquent member of the party rose to his feet and commanded everybody to rise and drink the health of the host in a bumper.

This was the first chance the commodore had had, and he jumped up and tossed out the contents of his glass at a gulp. The effect was extraordinary. His eyes closed and opened with the rapidity and precision



of a trip-hammer running at extraordinary speed, his jaw dropped, and he gave a yell that would have done credit to a drunken Sioux. Then he put on his hat, which did not fit very well in consequence of four pairs of better which the small man had put under the lining, said, "Gentlemen, I have had a very large time," dashed through the door, and ran up Broadway with an exhibition of speed which earned the yellow cab-drivers to turn around in their seats and look after him with solemn admiration.

A SOLACE TO THE ELECTION EXCITEMENT.

In the Election excitement we should not lose sight of the Louisiana State Lottery. The following is the result of the Drawing on Sept. 2, last. No. 73,433 drew the Capital Prize of \$75,000—sold in 6000 at \$1 each—one-fifth (\$15,000) by mail from M. A. Dauphin, Washington, D. C., to Miss Mary Cuniff, living at service with E. W. Hooper, Esq., No. 123 Spruce street, Philadelphia; one to Mr. Thor. W. Cromer, 27 La Fayette avenue, Baltimore, Md., collected through the Drivers' and Merchants' National Bank of Baltimore; one to Mr. Louis F. Ampleman, 25 Spruce street, St. Louis, Mo.; another to Henry W. Rabner, engineer U. S. tow-boat, "Wm. Stone," at St. Louis, Mo. No. 15,612 drew the second Capital Prize of \$25,000, one-fifth of which was held by Mr. Robt. Locke, Memphis, Tenn.; another was collected through Union and Planters' Bank of Memphis; one to Mrs. R. S. Darr, San Francisco, Cal. No. 55,712 drew the third Capital Prize of \$10,000, two-fifths held by Mr. G. A. Brown, Bank Exchange, cor. Montgomery and Washington streets, San Francisco; two-fifths were held by Mr. F. H. Rudl, Columbus avenue, Boston, Mass. Nos. 21,621 and 45,901 drew the fourth Capital Prizes (\$5,000 each), sold to parties in Pittsburg, San Francisco, Omaha, Neb., and Suffolk, Va., etc., until one tires to hear of good luck, which might have been ours, if we only had invested, but a good resolution to make it never to let another opportunity pass by.—To be continued indefinitely.—Chattanooga, Tenn., Times, Oct. 15.

QUICK RETRIBUTION.

Lynching of a Ruffian Who Interfered with a Political Parade.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mr. F. A. Burton, president of the Blaine and Logan Club at La Crosse, Wis., was shot dead by a man known as "Scotty" at 8 o'clock on the evening of Oct. 1, while the Republicans were forming in procession on Main street.

Seven shots were fired in quick succession. The murderer was arrested and hurried to jail before the immense crowd could realize what had occurred. As soon as the fact was made known there was intense excitement and hundreds of men in uniform and carrying their torches, hurried to the court-house yard and demanded that the prisoner be handed over to them. "Lynch him!" "Lynch him!" was the general cry.

The sheriff and his officers made a gallant resistance, but the crowd, which had grown to thousands, quickly battered down the doors and seized the prisoner.

There were no drunken men in the mob, the whole work being done by resolute fellows who decided to make the murderer pay the death penalty before they left the square. Sledge-hammers were used to break in the heavy iron doors, two in number, that intervened between there and the cell-room. These doors yielded, and as each advance was made, the crowd were apprised on the outside and constant cheers of encouragement went up. The prisoner had been confined in cell No. 3, on the lower corridor, and the crowd had little trouble in finding their man. He was taken from the cell and dragged into the yard.

He was identified as the man who did the shooting, and the officers when appealed to declared they had the right man.

The murderer was dragged into the square, where a rope had been secured to the limb of a tree. He declined to say anything except that he was the man who had shot Burton. The mob seized the rope and made a strong pull, but the ruffian freed his hands and the rope broke before he was raised from the ground. In less than five minutes a new rope was thrown over the heads of the crowd and fell within a few feet of the executioner. This was adjusted, his hands and arms firmly tied, and in another moment he was hanging in the air, with his face closely pressed against the limb of the tree, and the terrible tragedy was over.

THE COMING MAN.

The Professional Career of Alfred Greenfield, the English Pugilist.

[Subject of Illustration.]

We present this week graphic illustrations of some of the exciting episodes in the professional career of Alf Greenfield, the great English pugilist, who is expected to arrive in this country in the early part of November. He comes here under the auspices of Mr. Richard K. Fox, who is willing to back the newcomer and see that he has every opportunity to meet the best pugilists in this country. Owing to the impetus given to pugilism by the POLICE GAZETTE, the greatest of the heroes of the prize ring are gathered in America, and here the championship of the world must be decided. The elegant champion belt offered by Mr. Richard K. Fox is also an inducement to draw to these shores the stalwart heroes who have conquered on many European fields. A full account of Greenfield's career was published in No. 329 of the POLICE GAZETTE, and the illustrations this week depict some of the champion's most important performances.

AN INSANE MAN'S PRIVATE BANK.

A jury has lately decided that Winder Hastings, a wealthy resident of Salisbury, Md., is of unsound mind, and a guardian will be appointed to manage his large estate. It was proved by competent witnesses that Hastings' mind had been impaired for several months. He has been a miser, keeping large sums of money in his house, and several times it has been stolen. At one time his son-in-law discovered 120 pounds of gold and silver hidden under the flooring. All at once it disappeared and none of the family could find it. Hastings admitted he put it in an iron stove and sunk it in the mill-pond on his farm. It was recovered and taken back to the house. Hastings again hid it. The supposition is that he buried it and has forgotten where. At any rate, he refuses to tell. A few months ago he purchased a farm adjoining his own, and brought the money to pay for it in silver in a peck measure. Last Wednesday two men went to his house in broad daylight and stole two bags of silver, aggregating \$500. One of the thieves was captured and sent to the penitentiary. Hastings is a very old man, and has seven children. His wife died several years ago. A few months ago he married a young girl, but she did not stay with him but one week. His wealth is estimated at \$300,000.

RIVER THIEVES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The late lamented Mr. William Shakespeare once observed through one of his characters that "there be land-rats and water-rats." The city police have added a new species to the category, and declare that the "dock-rat" combines the worst qualities of the other two. Our illustration shows the manner of life and the usual habits of this sort of vermin. Thanks to the new harbor boat, the Patrol, the dock-rat doesn't have as easy a time of it as he used. Some swinging old sentences have thinned out the breed and diminished their numbers. But still there are enough of them to make it interesting.

ELSIE GEROME.

[With Portrait.]

The portrait we publish this week of Miss Elsie Gerome is quite equal in beauty and effect to the celebrated laughing picture of Jeanne Samary, which has been used over and over again for all sorts of artistic and commercial purposes. Miss Gerome, whose real name is Fanny Dart, is a recent addition to the Macdon Square Company, and will be cast in the new play in an *ingenue* character. She is a member of one of the oldest families and belongs to one of the most exclusive "sets" in this city. Out of deference to their prejudices she has assumed her present name as a *nom de theatre*.

ROESFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

AS A NERVE FOOD.

Dr. J. W. SMITH, Wellington, O., says: "In impaired nervous supply I have used it to advantage."

ANOTHER DRAW.

After a Brisk and Scientific Battle
Burke and Mitchell Leave Off
Where They Began.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The glove contest arranged at the POLICE GAZETTE office several weeks ago by Harry Webb in behalf of Jack Burke, and Billy Madden in behalf of Charley Mitchell, the pugilists signed articles of agreement to box four rounds, according to Queensberry rules, the winner to take all the gate receipts. Mitchell and Burke had fought in England, and the battle ended in a draw. Burke trained at Boston, and made Patsy Sheppard's Abbey, Harrison avenue, his headquarters. Mitchell trained in this city, and resided at Billy Madden's Athletic Hall, East Thirtieth street.

On Oct. 21, sporting men from Philadelphia, Boston, Troy, Albany, etc., came on to witness the contest. Arthur Chambers headed a delegation from the Quaker City, while James Keenan, Patsy Sheppard, and a large delegation came from Boston, and John F. Scholes, from Toronto, Canada. All the leading lights of the sporting, political and social world packed Germania Assembly Rooms, and tickets at \$2 and \$3 sold like hot cakes.

After several exciting glove contests all was ready for the great event. Mitchell was the first to step into the ring, and was greeted with loud cheering. Burke followed, and was also treated to a big reception. There was a long delay in selecting a referee. Al Smith and Pat Sheedy, of Chicago, refusing to act. Finally John Scannell was chosen. Burke was seconded by Billy Edwards and Patsy Sheppard, while Tom Campbell and Billy Madden seconded Mitchell. Arthur Chambers, of Philadelphia, and Wm. E. Harding, sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, were chosen to keep time.

As the men threw themselves into position it would have been difficult to find two better middle weights. Mitchell was broader framed than his adversary, more set and manly, and likely to endure a tougher strain, but Burke had a little advantage in height, was longer (or appeared to be) in the reach, and it not so muscular had the lithelessness and freedom of movement which generally distinguishes a quick blitzer. Their attitudes were good, their faces wore the smile of confidence, and an out-and-out contest was prophesied by nearly all present. Burke broke ground well as Mitchell tried to get in his left, and after a short spar he sent it in plunging against Burke's ribs. Burke turning at the instant, it caught him far round the back. Burke's return with his left only grazed Mitchell's ear. The men closed for a moment, but quickly broke ground. After a pause they got close again, and after one or two feints Mitchell hit Burke heavily on his left cheek, Burke countering in return. Burke plunged in, evidently trying to get home with his right, but Mitchell drew back and cleverly avoided him, and then stepped quickly in and met Burke who persevered a left-hander which was neatly stopped. Mitchell rushed in with a smashing upper-cut with his right on Burke's neck. The upper-cut was deserving of notice, as being one of the very few instances in which it was scientifically administered.

As the arm has to be shortened to deliver this blow, it can seldom be depended on, although it is often talked about.

After a desperate exchange of blows, in which Mitchell was the "recorder" and Burke the receiver-general, the three minutes had elapsed and time was called. Up to this stage of the contest, Mitchell had done the most thumping, while Burke had displayed the professorship to the most advantage. Mitchell led with one of his familiar left-handed blows, landing on Burke's body. The latter took it squarely, and, pressing forward, the two closed, striking right and left till, at the cry of "Break," Burke threw the other off and got in position just as Mitchell delivered another left-hander, which brought a response, and again they closed. On parting Mitchell delivered a rib-roaster in good style and pressed Burke to the ropes, but the latter cross-countered another blow aimed at him and got out in the center of the ring. Mitchell tried his left again, but it fell short and Burke pressed in, landing a stinger on the former's left shoulder and following it with another on the right. Mitchell again made play for Burke's body, scoring this time, and following his advantage landed a square blow on the other's chest. Burke gasped, and Mitchell, still pressing him, planted his fists twice upon his body, with little effect. Burke rallied and delivered two blows right and left at Mitchell's head, but they were answered by a dig in the left ribs and another on the left side of the head, when the cry of "Time's up" sent the men to their corners, where Billy Edwards and Patsy Sheppard rubbed off Burke's perspiration, while Steve Taylor fanned his face. Mitchell was also cheered in the same style by Billy Madden. Whenever pugilists are fighting on time minutes appear hours, but when they rest the time appears to distance itself, and the second-hands on the two watches were not long in making the circuit, and time was again called.

ROUND 2—Burke started out on the defensive in the second round. Three times Mitchell went at him like a game-cock, but each time got better than he sent. Then Burke forced the fighting, landing heavily on Mitchell's sore eye and stomach, and finally being driven to the ropes by a straight shot between the eyes. This resulted in a clinch, after which the men, both blowing like porpoises, sparred at long range until time was called. So far the sparring was altogether in Burke's favor in the matter of hits. His blows did not leave a mark on his antagonist although red spots on his own ribs and face, and a carbuncle-like nose showed Mitchell's handiwork. Mitchell opened with a rush, aiming at Burke's face but missing and receiving a nasty cross-counter under his right eye, which drew the first blood. Both men were very tired, and although they repeatedly exchanged blows the necessary steam for a knock-out was lacking. In one of their rushes Burke made a terrible lunge with his right, but missed, and, stumbling, he fell on his hands and knees, getting two sounding blows on his head and ribs as he regained his feet. For the first time he lost the pleasant smile with which he accompanied his blows. Burke's nose showed unusual color, and suddenly from Madden went up the cry, "First blood for Mitchell!" The latter sprang forward at this and aimed a heavy blow at Burke's chest, which reached it just as Burke fetched him a terrific right-hander

alongside the head. Then forcing the fight Burke planted his right on Mitchell's neck and received a blow on the body that made him blow, but in delivering another Mitchell received a blow on the right side of the head that brought him up suddenly, and before he could recover himself Burke scored again on his neck. It was now Burke's innings, and he forced Mitchell to his corner, but it was give and take with them till they closed. On parting Mitchell reached Burke's ribs with his left and Burke responded with a stunner on the face. Mitchell's face now showed blood-marks, and the men were both showing signs of fatigue.

ROUND 3—On time being called the pugilists quickly faced the scratch. Both displayed the marks of the terrific blows they had received. No time was lost in sparring. Mitchell led off, reaching Burke's shoulder, and sent another in the same direction, but Burke countered quickly, delivering a facer above the right eye. Burke now got his fist on Mitchell's head twice in rapid succession, and, stopping a rush of Mitchell's, fought him back, giving several body blows and receiving light punishment in return. Several fencers were caught by both men, and then, as they closed, Mitchell, by a clever upper-cut, drove Burke's head back and then threw him off. Burke now scored on Mitchell's head, the latter returning a blow upon the body. Then forcing the fight he gave Burke a stinger on the face, but received as good as he gave until they closed. For a moment they struggled savagely together, and then as they parted Mitchell planted a body-blow, and, closing, threw Burke from him to his corner. When they again faced each other Mitchell forced the fighting. There was another sharp encounter in a moment, and Mitchell struck Burke a heavy body-blow, while the other retaliated by knocking him against the ropes again. Mitchell made another rush and almost knocked Burke down, and the round ended, with Burke's eyes slightly discolored and Mitchell's nose flushed.

It was still anybody's fight, and it was plain to be seen that the contest would not be lost or won unless, in the round that was to follow, one of the men stopped or was knocked out.

ROUND 4—Intense excitement prevailed when they faced each other, and Bob Smith, the master of ceremonies, shouted, "Shake hands." Mitchell had a determined look on his face, while Burke eyed him with a nervous, anxious glance. Mitchell's adherents were encouraging him to "go in and do him up," but the redoubtable ex-champion was not equal to the task. Both of them were puffing like steam engines and they sparred cautiously for 20 seconds. Then Burke landed his left on Mitchell's sore eye and received a damaging rib-tickler in return. In the ensuing exchanges Burke got home three times without either doing or receiving much damage. They fought to a clinch twice, Mitchell apparently reserving his right for a knock-out blow, but Burke did not give him the opportunity. Blows were interchanged, the honors being pretty nearly even, when Mitchell, attempting to force the fighting, received a hard one on the neck, but rallied and drove Burke to the ropes. He followed this advantage, but Burke met him half way, and it was give and take for a while till Burke pressed forward, and this time it was Mitchell's turn to go to the ropes. The two struggled out, breathing heavily, and a desperate blow was exchanged, neither doing much damage although Mitchell's blows were the most effective.

Both pugilists retired to their rooms and Billy Edwards rushed to John Scannell, the referee, and claimed Burke had won. Billy Madden also claimed that Mitchell won. The crowd, many of whom had wagered money on the result, yelled for a decision.

"I declare the contest a draw," said the referee. He could not give any other decision, for neither of the pugilists had stopped, and both would have continued the contest had they been ordered to do so. Quite a number of the audience claimed that Burke had the best of the contest, while just as many claimed the honors for Mitchell. The match was one of the most interesting ever witnessed. Burke displayed great science and proved he was a far better pugilist than many supposed. He will be more than a match for any man at his weight, but it is very doubtful if he would be able to defeat Mitchell, who possesses more quality and quantity, both in science and audacity than Burke. There is not the least doubt, however, that Burke will find plenty of backers to match him to fight anybody outside Jake Kilrain or John L. Sullivan.

A MYSTERIOUS OUTRAGE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. Spaulding carries on the business of a dress-maker at 63 Meridian street, East Boston, and has been a resident of that part of the city for over twenty years. If her story is correct, she lately had a remarkable experience. According to her statement she was visited by an elderly woman, who said that her daughter was about to be married, and wished to select some dress goods. An arrangement was made for an interview. Later the same day two men and a young woman called. The woman represented herself as the expectant bride, and the men as her intended husband and a friend. Mrs. Spaulding states:

"I turned to go out of the room to get a new piece to show them, but, just as I turned, one of the men seized me, and then they carried me out into the kitchen, when they threw me down on the floor. My mouth was stuffed full with a cotton rag that they must have brought in with them, for it never was in the house before, and then my wrists were tied with a piece of rope-yarn. The woman tied my ankles with a piece of woolen waste, and then a towel was tied around my head and under my chin so I could not cry out. They held me with my face down to the floor, and one man held me while the woman and the other man worked in here. While they were at work one said: 'Let's look in her pocket; we might as well have a little extra pay while we are about it.' They took my pocket-book out of my pocket and took out \$25 and left it in it \$12. Then one of them said: 'Let's give her a good smoking out.' When they turned me over on my face, after they had tied me, one of them said: 'She will never know what ailed her.' After they got through they left, one at a time, and the one that had held me went out last.

"Just as soon as they went out I tried to get myself free. I thought I would get out in the shed, where I could break one of the panes of glass in the window and get help. I rolled out toward the door and soon found that the cord on my ankles was loosened, and I reached down and untied it. Then I took the saw in the shed and cut the cord on my wrists."

On returning to her rooms she found that a lot of her goods had been piled together and fired. Assistance came, and the flames were extinguished.

STRIKING HIGH.

An Excited Man Makes an Attack Upon the Democratic Candidate for the Presidency.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Gov. Cleveland, who may or may not be the next President of the United States, experienced a few days ago one of the dangers to which public men in high position are always subject. An indignant Gulesan made a murderous attack on the Governor, in revenge for the executive's refusal to pardon a criminal.

The man, who proved to be Samuel T. Boone, of Elmira, was laboring under intense excitement, which amounted to frenzy, attacked the Governor shortly after he left the Executive Mansion on his way to the Capitol, on the morning of Oct. 22. Boone struck twice at the Governor with his fist, but the blows were wasted off. The Governor did not return the blows, but the man, finding his attempt to strike him ineffectual, ran to a pile of paving-stones, lying in the street, and was about to pick up one to hurl at the Governor when he was intercepted by Dr. George H. Houghton, and compelled to retreat from the pile of stones. He then attempted to renew his attack on Governor Cleveland, when he was seized by Dr. Houghton and held until the Governor, who was very calm, resumed his walk to the Capitol. Boone was arrested.

This assault on Gov. Cleveland is the sequel to several efforts made by Boone to secure the pardon of his brother-in-law, Myron Fairbanks, of Southport, Chemung county, who, in February last, was sentenced to a two-and-a-half-year term in Auburn Prison for shooting at some persons who were throwing stones at his father's house. Three months ago Boone, who had married Fairbanks' sister, called on the Governor to solicit a pardon for Fairbanks. The Governor informed him that the District Attorney of Chemung county had advised him to do nothing in the matter, as the prisoner had been justly sentenced. Boone, who is very hot-tempered, then told the Governor he would kick him if he had no orders around, and that he would go home and kick the District Attorney anyhow. The Governor promptly ordered the man out of the room, and he left.

Nothing more was seen of Boone at the Executive Chamber until Monday, Oct. 13, when he appeared there, accompanied by his wife. The couple were granted an audience by Gov. Cleveland, and while Boone was talking to him, Mrs. Boone, who was in a state of great nervous excitement, threw her arms around the Governor's neck, and, on being released, made an attempt to strike the Governor, who caught her by the wrist and said to her:

"My dear woman, you are beside yourself. Sit down and let us talk the matter over reasonably."

The woman gave a scream, and, throwing herself on the floor, went into hysterics, screaming and shouting and acting so violently that she had to be removed from the building. Since then the couple have remained in Albany, and Boone has several times been known to follow the Governor back and forth from the Executive Mansion to the Capitol; but no one paid any particular attention to his conduct, as he was considered to be merely a harmless "crank." Boone and his wife are each about forty years of age. The man is a magnetist by trade.

JOHN F. SCHOLES.

[With Portrait.]

The subject of our sketch was born in Most, County Westmeath, Ireland, Dec. 23, 1862. When he was five years old his parents moved to Canada, and for the last thirty years Scholes has resided in Toronto. His measurements are: Height, 5'11½"; chest, 43½"; biceps, 15½"; forearm, 12½"; thigh, 23½"; calf, 15½"; weight, 198. Ten years ago Scholes was by long odds the best all-around athlete in the country, and his name was familiar to all Canada. He was very fond of all manly sports, and won his laurels in a time when hippodroming was unknown, when competitors cared more for the honor of winning—indeed, prizes were usually of small value and generally in the form of a trophy. It was about 1880, when he was a strapping youth of twenty-three, that he made his maiden effort in a jumping contest, which he won, and for three years he successfully competed in jumps at all the games held in and around the city. In August, 1880, he defeated E. Griffiths in a mile-run for \$200; time, 4:57½. In September defeated Conway, 1 mile in 4:30½. In October again defeated Griffiths in a 3-mile run for \$500 in 15:50. It would be impossible to mention his long list of performances, however, which number over 200. Some of his records are: Running hop-step-and-jump, 42 feet 6 inches; high jump, 5 feet 4½ inches; standing high jump, 4 feet 7½ inches; running long jump, 19 feet 6 inches; standing jump with bells, 12 feet 1 inch; three jumps, with bells, 34 feet 6 inches; pole vault, 8 feet 1 inch; 100-yard run, 16½ seconds; 440 yards, 5½ seconds. On the water he was equally successful, winning many prizes. He outrowed Bob Berry (who defeated Harry Coulter) in a 5-mile race for the city championship. He was invincible until Hanlan came along. Hanlan, among others, unsuccessfully chased him in a "duck hunt," Scholes taking the part of the "duck," and winning the medal. At the Toronto professional regatta, held in 1881, Scholes rowed No. 2 in the Toronto crew (A. Elliott, bow; W. Ramsey, Scholes, H. D. Wise, stroke), defeating the Halifax four, two crews of the Celtics, of Buffalo, N. Y., the Nagle-Lee crew, the Morris crew and the Queen Citys, of Buffalo. That brought his aquatic career to a glorious finish. He is also an expert swimmer, and has won prizes at that. At snowshoeing he was unequalled, and made a clean sweep of all the principal events. His record for a half-mile, 2:30, made in 1871, was only lowered last winter, and his mile time, 5:30½, still stands at the head of that sport. Boxing, however, was the sport that Scholes cared for above all others. In his day he sparred with all the noteworthy boxers who visited the city, and accounts of that time all agree that the Canadian more than held his own. Among the men were Patsy Reardon, Tom Kelly, Steve Taylor, Tom Allen, Jack Stewart, etc., etc. Several British regiments were quartered from time to time in the city, and some of the men were very skillful with the gloves, and many a rattling set-to Scholes had with the red-coats, always coming out with honors, however. Jem Mace said, after a lively bout with Scholes in the old Queen's theatre, that "he was the best man he had ever met." His only glove fight was with Bob Berry, a stalwart of 197 pounds, fifteen years ago, in Temperance Hall, Toronto. Scholes, who scaled 161 pounds, won after an hour and three quarters. Scholes was also

a fine gymnast, and has won prizes for all-round excellence in that line. For four years he conducted the Toronto gymnasium. He is also expert with the gun, and has won prizes at both rifle and pigeon-shooting. Of late years he has taken up the sport of bowling, and has defeated the best men in the city, Hanlan included. He has a fancy for the canine world, and has a kennel of terriers that have made a clean sweep of prizes at all the principal bench shows in America. For the last ten years he has kept a sporting establishment, and has now a flourishing business at 185 Yonge street, with a billiard room of ten tables attached. The house is the headquarters of sporting men and visitors in the city. He is well liked and respected, and is often selected to act as referee or judge in sporting events. Scholes also occupied a conspicuous position in lacrosse, being for years field captain of the Ontario Club, and playing "point" on that team when they held the championship.

Scholes is now out with a challenge to box Charley Mitchell or any of the heavy-weight pugilists. In the New York non-sporting dog show, Oct. 22, he won first prize for black-and-tan terriers and first for Bedlington terriers.

A DETERMINED OBSTRUCTIONIST.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The west bound passenger train on the Del Norte division of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, en route to Wagon Wheel Gap, on Friday, Oct. 3, ran over and killed a calf belonging to George Bauer, at his ranch, five miles above Del Norte, and gilded on unconscious of the damage done. All was serene at the Gap, where the conductor and brakemen took their bath and dinner, and at "all aboard," the train departed eastward on the return trip. When near Bauer's ranch an obstruction was observed on the track, on top of which Bauer materialized with a shotgun. The train was stopped, and Bauer refused to move. In spite of threats, pleading and remonstrances, Bauer, like Casablanca, stuck to his post, defying the train gang, and stating his intention to remain until the conductor had paid him for his calf. In evidence of the grounds taken, Bauer exhibited the head, tail and spinal column of his calf, which he had just secured, at great waste of mental and physical energy, from the top of a cottonwood tree near by. All he asked was justice, and as the conductor refused to "ante," Bauer held the train with his shotgun until word had been sent to Del Norte and Sheriff Jordan dispatched to dislodge the irate gentleman of the damaged cow-herd. The sheriff proceeded to the scene, captured Bauer and freed the unhappy trainmen. No complaint having been lodged against Bauer, he was turned loose. His next break will probably be to lay for the pay-car or build a toll-gate across the track.

A NABOB'S QUEER LIFE.

Jules Verne would delight in Mr. Richard Burdell, the millionaire who lives on the Chicago limited express. To a Philadelphia reporter Mr. Burdell said: "I will tell you enough about myself to satisfy the natural curiosity of mankind—a passion that I fully respect. I was born in New York forty-one years ago, was educated at Columbia College, and then traveled abroad for ten years. I have a business that yields an income of \$50,000. It is now so thoroughly systematized that it manages itself. Yet I have to be within reach for consultation. Therefore I cannot leave the country. I am a childless widower and have no home ties. The irregular life I led as a young man has utterly unfitted me for the quiet rest to which my years of work entitle me. I should die of ennui at a country seat or a watering-place.

"I gave up my rooms at the Brunswick two months ago and engaged apartments on this train. My life is regularity itself, and I hope in a few months to thoroughly overcome my unrest, so as to be able to settle down on Madison square again. On the road I rise, breakfast, read my papers, get my letters and dispatches, dine, sup, and finally go to bed at the usual hours. It is a delightful way of living. The expense is trifling—about \$35 a day, or very little more than my suite of rooms at the hotel cost me. Indeed, I regard myself as the discoverer of a new pleasure."

GOMEZ, THE PIRATE.

[With Portrait.]

"Guilty, as charged in the indictment," said Deputy-Clerk Shields, as he read the sealed verdict of the jury in the case of Henry Gomez in the United States Criminal Court Oct. 14, and a pale, wan woman grasped her chair and ejaculated, in suppressed agony:

"Oh, my God, my God!"

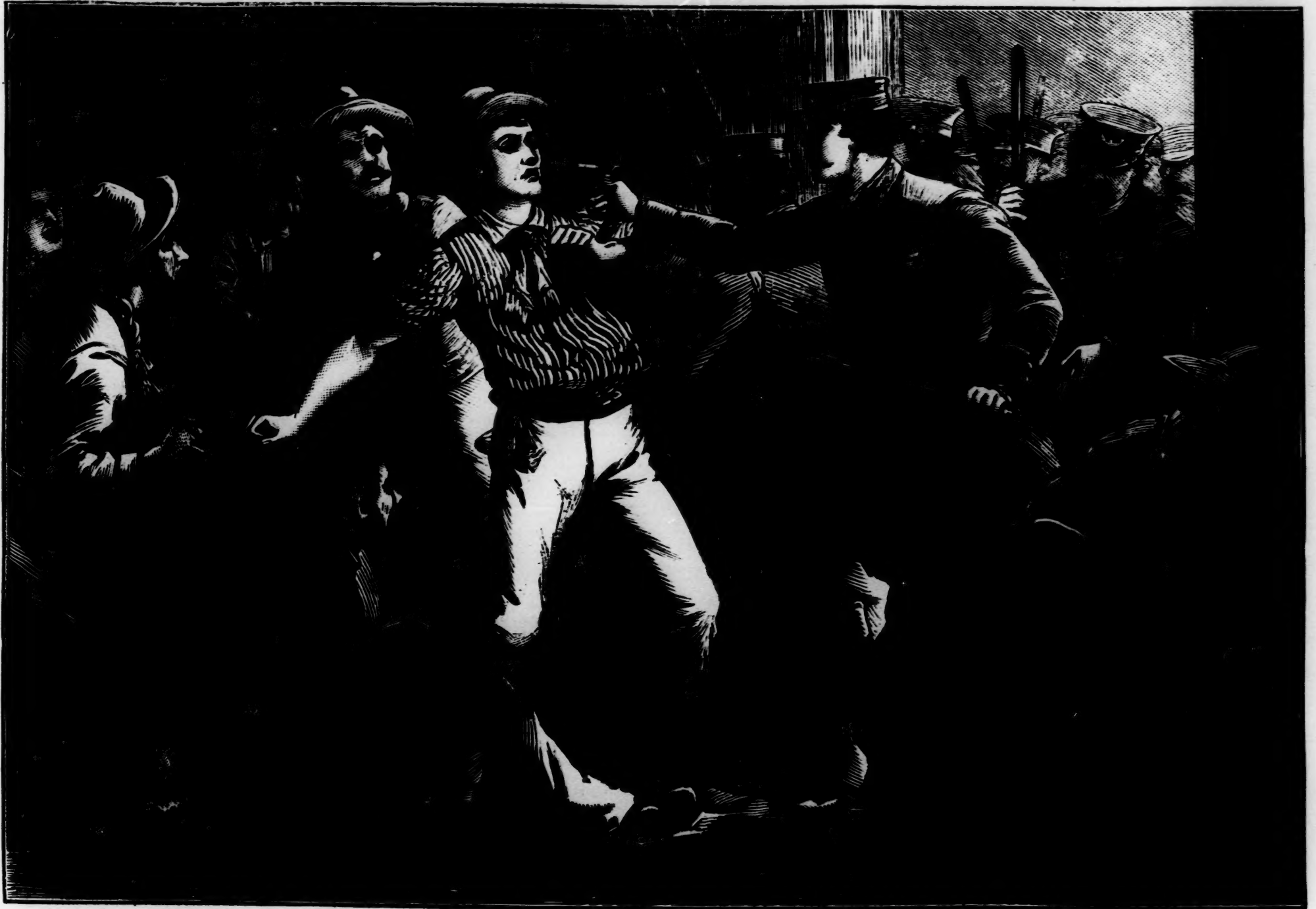
She was the wife of the man just convicted of piracy. Their eyes met, and then he turned his face away. He tried to soothe her fears, and telling her that he would be sure to get a new trial, kissed her and their three little ones and was led back to Ludlow Street Jail.

The prisoner was Henry Gomez, alias Peter Gum, alias John Lawson, steward of the American schooner Julia Baker, whose captain died and was buried at sea and part of whose cargo was disposed of unlawfully by Gomez and Mate Walker, who is also under arrest. The captain's death was attended by so many suspicious circumstances, that it was thought the testimony elicited in this examination would substantiate a charge of murder against Walker and Gomez. The indictment, however, was for piracy only, of which Gomez was convicted. Sentence has been deferred pending a motion for a new trial. The prisoner may have to plead again to the more serious charge of murder. The story of the Julia Baker mystery was published in the POLICE GAZETTE in August last.

AL MARX.

[With Portrait.]

Al. Marx is one of the misunderstood cowboys of Texas. He is a sturdy, honest young fellow who knows how to take care of himself, and the fact that he stood up before John L. Sullivan during the latter's stay in Galveston, Tex., shows that he has some grit in him. He was born in Elk county, Pa., in 1862, and is consequently twenty-two years of age. He weighs 175 pounds in fighting trim, and stands 5 feet 9 inches in height. Having fought eight fights successfully, he is willing to make a match with any man living, barring none but Sullivan, to fight to a finish, the winner to take three-fourths and the loser one-fourth of gate receipts, after all expenses have been paid. He is well backed by prominent sporting men in the Southwest.



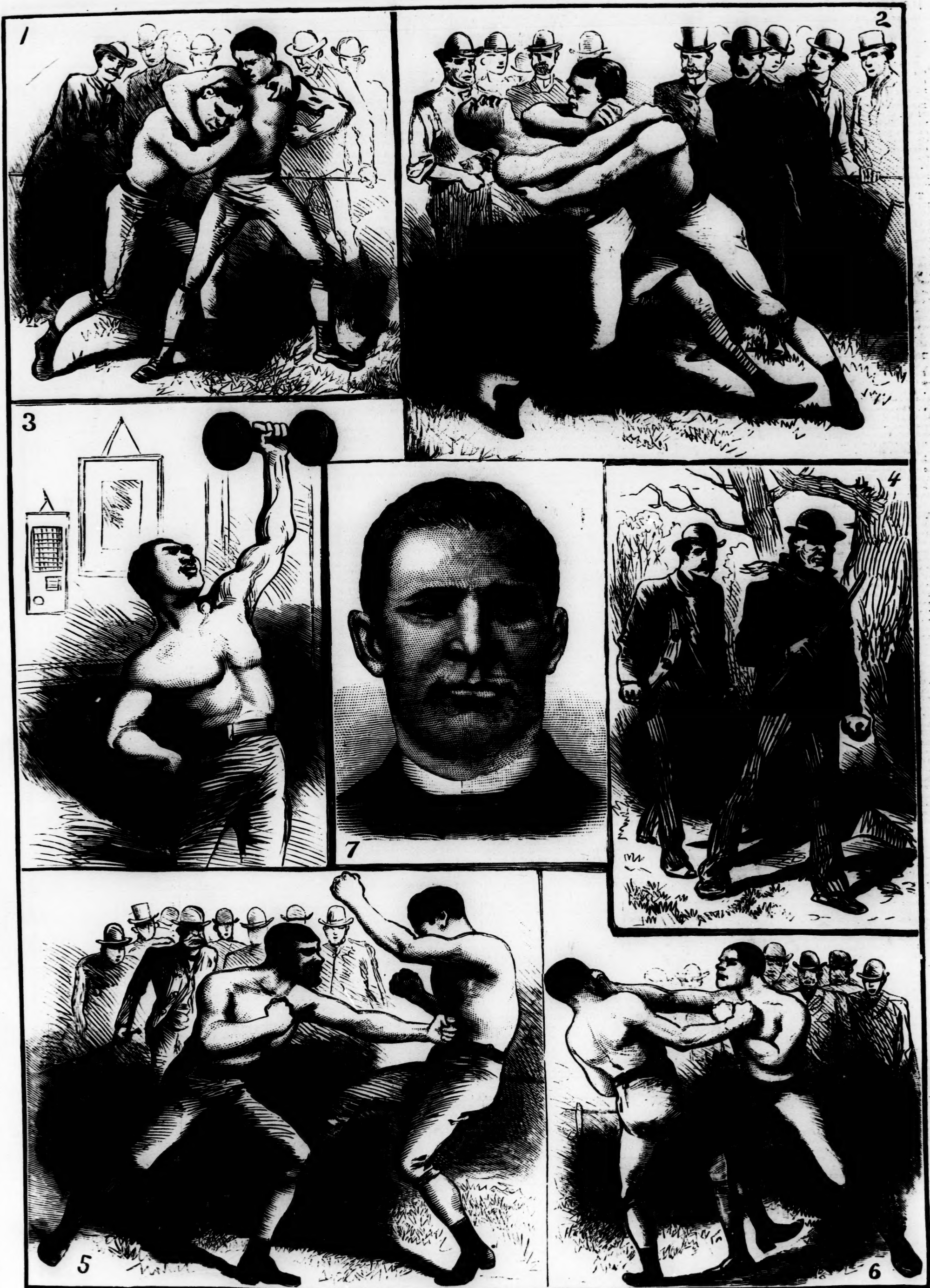
BRIGANDAGE IN AMERICA.

A PARTY OF ITALIAN LABORERS ON THE WELLESLEY, MASS., WATER WORKS, ATTEMPT TO HOLD THE CONTRACTOR A PRISONER UNTIL THEIR OVERDUE WAGES ARE PAID.



A QUICK RETRIBUTION FOR A DASTARDLY CRIME.

THE LYNCHING OF "SCOTTY," A LA CROSSE, WIS., ROUGH, WHO SHOT DOWN MR. F. A. BURTON, PRESIDENT OF A BLAINE AND LOGAN CLUB, DURING A POLITICAL PARADE.



THE COMING MAN.

A FEW OF THE EXCITING EPISODES IN THE PROFESSIONAL CAREER OF ALFRED GREENFIELD, ESQUIRE.

I.—He Whips Jimmy Highland. II.—He Conquers the Scottish Giant With a Broken Arm. III.—He "Puts up" at the Swan With Two Necks. IV.—He goes out for a Spin With George Probert. V.—He Loses a Battle to Harrington Through a Foul. VI.—He Fights a Draw With Tug Wilson. VII.—Himself.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

The Way In Which Professors of the Manly Art Have Been Keeping Their Hands Busy.

Here is a chance for the light-weight champion pugilist Arthur Chambers called at the Police Gazette office on Oct. 21, deposited \$100 with Richard K. Fox, and issued the following sweeping challenge:

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 21, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the Police Gazette:

I will match Jimmy Mitchell, of Philadelphia, to fight any man in America at 125 or 130 pounds for \$250 or \$500 a side, either in public or private; the fight to take place in six or eight weeks from signing articles, according to Marquis of Queensberry rules or London prize ring rules, with gloves. To prove I mean business I have deposited \$100 for it with Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the Police Gazette, and will meet any pugilist or his backers at the Police Gazette office, after they cover my money, to sign articles of agreement.

The fist engagement between George Fulljames and Harry Gilmore was decided in favor of the latter, N. Y., on Oct. 16. The pugilist had been told to fight for \$50 a side, with his gloves, to be decided in the light of the championship. The money had been deposited in the hands of Samuel Feldner, of Toronto, and he was on the ground. The party waiting for Gilmore was a full 100 feet, but he did not appear, and Fulljames entered the ring and claimed the fight. Soon after a large party of Gilmore's friends arrived, having driven from a distance, where they were told by the manager that Fulljames was not there. Fulljames, however, could not explain the absence of his opponent, and he and Gilmore did not know the location of the battle-ground. Fulljames said that was not a good excuse, as the grounds had been selected by his backers. The fight of champions and the stakes were awarded to Fulljames, but another match will probably be made. Fulljames says he will retire from the ring after he has had it out with Gilmore.

Dominick McCaffrey arrived in Philadelphia on Oct. 18, and was tendered a reception at O'Leary's Club. The next day he was in the city, and in a speech said: "The next man I will fight will be Sullivan. I understand he desires to meet me, and I shall not decline an invitation. Of course I feel greatly pleased over my late victory, but I shall not allow it to turn my head. I am sorry to say Mitchell is taking the result very hard. Last night he and Billy Madden followed me up Fourth avenue and stepped me in a rather insulting manner. He wanted to know when I would fight him again. I said I would fight him then and there, or any other time that he would suit his convenience. He wanted me to give up \$1,000 in Harry Hill's hands, but I refused some other stakeholder. Then Mitchell wanted to fight me for half the gate receipt, but as I had whipped him once I refused to allow him but one-third of the receipts. It had not been for the interference of John Clark, who was with me, I think we would have come to blows." Billy Madden and Charley Mitchell both deny McCaffrey's statement and claim I was vice versa.

About 200 people assembled at the Amphitheatre at Butte City, Montana, on Oct. 13, to witness the glove contest between Dave Cusick and Fred Robinson, for a purse of \$500 and the middle-weight championship medal of the Rocky Mountain region. Both contestants came upon the arena with previous honors about evenly divided—Cusick having nearly knocked out Pete McCoy, and Robinson having stood up in front of Sullivan—but the audience, led to see Robinson "done up" in about ten minutes. In this they were sorely disappointed, as the battle lasted about two hours and a half. Cusick, in the second round, awarded first blood, having got to Robinson's nose. In the third round Robinson got in a stinger on Cusick's left shoulder, bringing the contest from then on to the nineteenth round the fighting was without special points of interest, honors being about even. Cusick getting in on Robinson's left side and head, and Robinson retreating on Cusick's left shoulder and chest. In the nineteenth round both men got in a good exchange of blows, the round, however, being in favor of Cusick. In the twenty-second round, after some light exchange, he let go to the other, countering full on the face. Cusick followed with a round-arm blow, but failing short, left an opportunity which Robinson failed to follow up. In the thirty-second round, Cusick, who had been doing most of the fighting, rushed matters, and doing a right-hander from Robinson, who turned from the force of the attempt, got in a blow at the base of Robinson's neck, striking him badly. This advantage Cusick followed up with right and left on Robinson's face and neck. In the thirty-third and last round, Robinson struck short and turned, but in attempting to duck, received a savage upper-cut on the chin and a right-hander on the neck. In the rush that ensued Robinson had the best of it, but in a final clinch was the under man. When time was called the seconds threw up the sponge and the fight was given to Cusick. Of the two men Robinson showed the most pain, his face and head being badly battered and his nose being considerably out of a wreck. During the fight his seconds made several claims of foul, which were not allowed, but an examination after the fight showed that in at least one instance should it have been allowed. Cusick received most of his punishment on the left shoulder and breast and right forearm. In the second round his right arm was sprained, and toward the last was almost powerless from pain. At the close of the fight Cusick was presented with the "Police Gazette" medal, which is a handsome and valuable token of gold and enamel, appropriately inscribed.

J. B. McCormick publishes the following letter in reference to the decision rendered on the Mitchell and McCaffrey glove contest: "Much against my will and protest I was selected and in consequence as referee of the fight between McCaffrey and Mitchell last Monday night. The fact of a pugilistic referee is not a happy one—especially when the contest is a Marquis of Queensberry affair and neither man is knocked out—no matter how honest or impartial his decision may be, it is sure to give rise to a libelation to some. I did not want to serve and urged the selection of Al Smith. When I did consent to act and had mounted the stage, Billy Madden came to me and said: 'Mr. McCormick, I don't want any draw business about this thing. If there is only one blow struck, or if the pugilist interfere at any stage of the fight, I want you to decide in favor of the man you think has had the best of it.' I replied: 'Very well, Billy, you may depend on my doing so fairly and to the best of my ability.' When the contest was over I decided not that either man was whipped, as many seem to suppose, but that McCaffrey had the best of it, for the following reasons:

"First—He landed the first blow, a clean, left-hand hit.
"Second—He scored two other clean hits, making three in all, while Mitchell only scored one clean hit.
"Third—He parried all of Mitchell's attempts to land his left in the stomach, thus proving that his skill was equal to Mitchell's science.

"Fourth—He got in more blows than Mitchell, and they were more effective. Mitchell's face and chest were flushed and showed the effect of McCaffrey's right-hand vibrations. He bled freely. There was not a mark to be seen on McCaffrey or a drop of blood drawn from him. If he had received any punishment it was not apparent. Mitchell's was visible to all. On the other side, McCaffrey at the finish, when I stopped the battle, he had regained his wind and strength, and looked fit to fight for an hour longer, as did Mitchell. Taking one claim with another, McCaffrey, in my opinion, had a little the best of the four rounds, and if so decided, I make this statement (not as an excuse—I have no excuse to offer—I make it fairly and impartially and to the best of my judgment) that the pugilist who was under the most of the blows was the man who was the most of the blows. I have none but kindly feelings toward Mitchell, and I am satisfied that upon reflection he will see the folly of imputing the ability and motives of men who stand fully as high in their walk of life as he does in his. I am an American, born and bred, and I much admire the temper of the American people if a pugilist who asks a gentleman to act as judge in his combat will carry much favor with him by abusing that judge because his best opinion was not in accordance with that pugilist's interest and desires."

The berth of a referee in a boat-race, foot-race, or a wrestling match is a very unattractive position, but in a glove contest between two pugilists with a host of backers who have wagered money on their respective favorites, it is a very responsible, and one man out of ten would accept the position. Any person who assumes the great responsibility of being referee, but not more than one in twenty is competent to fill the position. A referee should have just

as much conjunction and reserve as a man filling the position of one of twelve jurymen. He should look upon the contest and study the hits, counters and conditions of the pugilists with the same cool, judicial temper exhibited by a Judge of the Supreme Court at the end of an important trial. He should be thoroughly versed both in London prize ring and Marquis of Queensberry rules; not favor one contestant, because his sympathies lie with either the pugilist or his friends or backers, but decide strictly on the merits of the contest. He should not allow the passions of the crowd to change his judgment, but decide on the merits of the case, irrespective of friend or foe. Just think how important a referee's decision is in a contest like the one Mitchell and McCaffrey engaged in at Madison Square Garden! Both pugilists had a host of admirers in all parts of the country, who were depending on a suit hat to hundreds of dollars on the result. The referee's duty is to decide on the merits of the contest. There is not the least doubt that had the referee in the McCaffrey and Mitchell contest been carried away by the whirl of excitement, but calmly stood at his proper post, he would not have given a decision which so sporting activity can endure as a fair and just one. A pugilist can never be considered a loser, not even in a Queensberry rule glove contest, so long as he is ready to continue, and the idea of deciding McCaffrey the winner of a contest while his opponent was by far the stronger man, was ridiculous, absurdly unfair and proved beyond contradiction that the referee was either blind or was not well versed in the rules. Over 10,000 persons witnessed the contest and two-thirds of the audience came to the conclusion that the referee did not know what he was doing. E. F. Mallahan, the barrister of the prize ring, Judge Curtis, a learned authority on prize ring rules, Chas. Cady, the sporting editor of Frank Queen's paper, Wm. E. Harding, and other authorities all probably the best in the country, all said the referee's decision was not a fair one.

The glove contest between Walter Watson and Mike Donovan, the champion of middle-weight pugilists, was decided at Turn Hall, East Fourth street, New York, on Oct. 17. The match was arranged at the Police Gazette office where Donovan, with his backers, Harry Martin, and Watson, with his backers, Gus Tullin, signed articles of agreement to box at odds according to "Police Gazette" rules for \$100 a side, the winner to take sixty-five per cent and the loser thirty-five of the gate receipts. Richard K. Fox was appointed third referee, and the back of the pugilists each paid \$500 a side. After the match was arranged there was considerable discussion over the proposed contest, and Watson's friends were confident that he would win owing to the fact that he had defeated Prof. Wm. C. McMillan, who had fought Donovan three times, the last one on May 15 in a draw. On Oct. 17, the hall was packed, scores ranging from fifty cents to as high as two dollars. Patrick Sheehy, of Chicago, was named for referee and accepted, but the well-known Knight of the Green refused to fill the bill, and proposed E. F. Mallahan. Both Watson and Donovan accepted Mallahan and stripped for the contest. Watson was seconded by Geo. Young and Mike Cleary, while Donovan was seconded by Denny Butler and Frank Cryder. Arthur Mallen, of Brooklyn, and William E. Harding, the sporting editor of the Police Gazette, were selected as time-keepers, it being necessary for two time-keepers according to "Police Gazette" rules. Donovan is thirty-seven years of age, stands 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighed 151 pounds. He wore black-colored trunks and a white shirt. Watson followed him, accompanied by Mike Cleary and George Young. He is thirty-two years old, 5 feet 8½ inches tall and weighed 152 pounds. A number of favored persons were on the stage, among them Dominick McCaffrey and Charley Mitchell, who both urged Donovan to victory, although they did not even look at each other. A number of policemen under Acting Capt. Haggerty were drawn up in front of the stage, and their services were required at the close of the battle, owing to Donovan's refusal to sign articles of agreement. When the match had declared their readiness to begin, Referee Mallahan called time, and the men shook hands and sparred for an opening. Then followed one of the most scientific contests that has been seen in this city for several years. Donovan proved himself a master of the manly art. His leads were straight and hard, and he landed several blows to every one struck by Watson. During four rounds Donovan had Watson at his mercy so far as the scoring was concerned, but then he grew tired, and a rally by Watson made things more even. They fought hard and fast, but the blows of both seemed to lack steam, and the spectators yelled for blood and knock-downs. When the sixth round had been finished the crowd yelled loudly in anticipation of a decision in favor of Donovan, but the referee decided that they must spar another round. When time was called for the seventh round Donovan went at Watson with a rush, and some terrific slugging at short range followed. Then Donovan broke away and made another rush, swinging his right hand out; Watson's left eye, causing a cut from which the blood flowed freely, and Cryder claimed "first blood for Mike." Then they went at it "hammer and tongs" until time was called, when Donovan was declared the winner. After the battle three cheers were given for Dominick McCaffrey, and the winner of Monday night's great battle was almost carried from the hall by a crowd of admirers.

The following dispatch was received at the "Police Gazette" office from Butte City, Montana, dated Oct. 21: "The prize fight between Frank Owens, the champion of Montana, and Jack Murphy, of Leadville, Col., was fought in the amphitheatre last night. The pugilists were recently matched to fight for \$100 a side and gate receipts, according to 'Police Gazette' revised rules. Owens stands 5 feet 10 inches in height and weighs 160 pounds. Murphy stands 5 feet 8 inches in height and weighs 164 pounds. About 1,000 spectators witnessed the battle, which was one of the most desperate ever fought here since Pete McCoy, of New York, defeated Duncan G. McDonald. Both pugilists had trained for the mill, and came to the scratch in fine condition. They fought with small gloves to enable the law. Prior to the contest there was heavy betting, Owens being the favorite, owing to the fact that he is a native of this city and the champion of the State. Owens was seconded by Frank McDonald and Bartolomew Flowers. Steve Burke and James McNally seconded Murphy. Silas F. King was time-keeper, and John Caliber, the champion wrestler of Colorado, was referee. Before the contest began the referee announced that the pugilists were to fight according to 'Police Gazette' rules, each round to last 3 minutes, with 1 minute's rest between each, and that he had been appointed referee at the proposal of Richard K. Fox, and was bound the best man should win. All being ready, the men were ordered to the scratch and the fight began.

In the first round there was little sparring. Owens forced the fighting, and pushed Murphy terribly. Murphy lost no time with ring tactics, but stood right up and exchanged blow for blow with his opponent, until Owens landed a terrific right-hand blow on Murphy's nose, breaking it, and sending the blood flying in all directions. The blow knocked Murphy down, and many supposed that the battle was over. Time was called, and about went up of "first blood" and "first knock-down" for Owens amid tremendous excitement. The referee allowed both claims, and the Montana sporting men yelled with delight. After resting 1 minute, time was again called, and Owens was first to the mark. Murphy's face resembled a butcher's block, and he was bleeding like a stack of logs.

In the second round Murphy forced the fighting, landed his left on Owens' jaw, which staggered the latter, and landed a tremendous right-hand blow. Owens broke ground, and then rushed in and in men's eyes fighting boldly. Murphy being again knocked down. Owens was sent to his corner on the 10 second limit allowed in the rules, and when he was able to regain terra firma the fight was continued, but the pugilist battling with great determination. Murphy, although he had received the most punishment, fought with great gameness, but Owens was more of a general, could hit harder, and I would better than the Colorado champion. Twice Owens landed his left on Murphy's right eye, and the second visitation opened a deep cut, from which the blood ran in streams. Murphy pluckily faced the terrible blows Owens was sending in a stinging manner.

In the third round Owens knocked Murphy down and had decidedly the best of the fight.

The fourth round was well contested. Murphy tried to rally, but Owens outgave him and pushed him terribly.

In the fifth round Murphy's face was a mass of bleeding flesh. He had no chance of defeating the Montana champion except by a foul, or by some unforeseen accident, but he showed great courage and fought hard to turn the tide of victory in his favor. He landed several blows on Owens' right eye, but was sent staggering against the ropes, when time was called.

In the sixth round Owens was the stronger on his legs, while Murphy was hardly able to stand. Owens forced the fighting and pushed Murphy terribly, and finally knocked him out. Caliber declared Owens the winner.

GOSSIP OF THE RING.

What the Breezes of Rumor Waft to the Ear of the Intelligent Listener.

The proposed match between Jack Brady and Herbert A. Slade is off at San Francisco.

Jimmy Ryan, the Philadelphia middle weight, is anxious for a set-to with Mike Donovan.

Marcellus Baker and M. Daley fought three rounds at Bangor Oct. 15. Baker was knocked out.

No matter who may agree to pick up the gauntlet and box Jake Kilrain, he will find both hands full.

Billy Madden says he will match Mitchell to fight McCaffrey any day for any amount of money, or for love.

Charley McCoy, of Pittsburg, and W. McDonald are matched for \$100 a side. McCoy and odds are known McCoy out in six rounds.

Mike Donovan surprised even his most intimate friends by the form he displayed when he met and defeated Prof. Walter Watson.

Henry Ahl, who claims to be the light-weight champion of Lowell, wants to fight Frank Cryder for \$200 a side, ring rules, or will spar Jack Dempsey for \$100.

The receipts of the McCaffrey-Mitchell match on Monday were enough to give McCaffrey \$7,500; George Brotherton, who offered Mitchell \$1,200 to fight, his own money and \$7,000 more.

Advises from San Francisco state that Herbert A. Slade and Charley Watson are to fight for \$500 and the gate receipts, London prize ring rules, in three or four weeks from signing articles.

Jack Burke, the noted English pugilist, has challenged McCaffrey, who is to fight Mitchell in New York Oct. 18, to meet him for \$500 a side. Alf Greenfield is also anxious to meet the Pittsburg boy.

Tom Maloney and Charley McCoy had a rare set-to Oct. 12 at Pittsburg. The stakes were \$100 a side, and eleven rounds were fought when McCoy knocked Maloney senseless and was awarded the fight.

Jack Hallinan, of San Francisco, offers to back Jack Brennan against a Jack Maynard. Harry Maynard in reply says that if Hallinan will show his confidence in Brennan to the amount of \$250, he will take the challenge up.

George Pearson and Jonah Welch, two noted English pugilists, fought in the old style recently for \$100 a side. Pearson was declared the winner after forty-three rounds had been contested. Actual fighting time, 1 hour 25 minutes.

Scholes, the famous athlete and boxer, of Toronto, Canada, writes that he is eager to box Charley Mitchell four rounds, Queensberry rules, either in New York or Toronto any time Mitchell is ready to arrange a match.

A prize fight between Dominick McCaffrey and Jake Kilrain, or between a Mitchell and Kilrain for \$500 and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, within 100 miles of New Orleans, in January, would be quite a wide sale in prize ring circles.

At Harry Hill's theatre, in this city, on Thursday, Oct. 23, there will be a smashing glove contest between Harry James, an amateur light weight, late of England, and Bill Davis, the former having offered Davis \$25 if he stop him in four rounds.

O'Neill, of Providence, Rhode Island, writes that he is ready to fight Tom Henry or any 142-pound pugilist in America for a purse or stipulated sum. O'Neill fails to send on a forfeit, a fact which will make pugilists and their backers look on his decl with distrust.

Bilgeport, Conn., has again become a great sporting town. Pete McCoy has opened a saloon, while Charley Norton is also running a theatre. It is now likely that Bilgeport will be the meeting-place for pugilists and all sporting men who journey to and fro between New York and Boston.

If any pugilist in America is journeying on the road to the heavy-weight championship it is Jake Kilrain, of Boston. He possesses the science, stamina, and all the essential points and qualities necessary to make a first-class pugilist. Kilrain is ready to fight any man in America except Sullivan.

The fine of \$300 imposed upon James Murray, the pugilist, who was convicted some months ago of engaging in a prize fight with Thomas Henry at Pullman Bridge, was remitted at White Plains Oct. 15. Murray is serving out a six months' term in the Albany Penitentiary, and the Court of Sessions concluded that that was punishment enough.

Tom McAlpine, who mysteriously disappeared with \$500 belonging to Gus Tullin, is now at Hamilton, Canada. McAlpine went to Harry Hill's in September, 1881, and arranged a show under the auspices of Harry Fox and Jack Dempsey. The benefit was a success, but McAlpine refused to give either Dempsey or Fox any of the gate money.

John Gudibee, the well-known wrestler, is now living in Butte City, Montana. In a letter to Harry Webb he says that spending months in Butte City are quite lively since the battle between Duncan C. McDonald and Pete McCoy, and that the fair and mainly way the battle was carried out has had a tendency to make all such contests on the square.

Prof. Wm. Clark, the veteran sporting man and boxer, has decided to locate in this city and open a sporting house, and having an fencing school on Sixth avenue, near Thirty-sixth street. He will name his new sporting retreat "The Arena," and due notice will be given of his opening, which will be attended by all the stars of the sporting and pugilistic world.

The challenge issued by James Keenan, of Boston, in which he offers to fight Jake Kilrain against either Charley Mitchell or Dominick McCaffrey, will no doubt result in either Mitchell or McCaffrey agreeing to meet Kilrain or refusing to do so. Keenan's money offer shows that he means business, and it does not leave any loophole whereby Mitchell or McCaffrey can make an excuse for not accepting it.

Miss Rose Franklin, the Eastern female pugilist who trained in Harry Hill's sporting headquarters for a number of years, and who during that time has had some lively set-to's, has arrived in San Francisco. She will give exhibitions there under the management of Prof. Patsy Hogan. The latter has announced himself as being anxious to match the fair Rose against any female on the Coast for \$50 a side.

Prof. Wm. C. McMillan, the well-known boxer, who has won many victories in the orthodox 21-foot ring, lost his prestige by being knocked out by Prof. Walter Watson. Since McMillan's conqueror has been defeated by Mike Donovan, who fought McMillan three times, each winning a battle, while the last battle ended in a draw, it might be just possible that McMillan could win back his lost prestige by arranging a match with Donovan. What says the Professor?

At Butte City, Montana, recently, Frank White challenged Jack Watson to a hard-glove fight, Marquis of Queensberry rules, and by way of a clincher deposited a forfeit of \$50 with Jerry McCarthy. White immediately accepted the challenge, and has gone into training. The fight promises to be a good one. The meeting of these two men was about two years ago, and after a hot-contested fight, which lasted 4 hours and 27 minutes, resulted in a victory for White.

We have received the following challenge from Tom Walling, the well-known pugilist, of Leadville, Col., who now makes the Pacific Slope his headquarters.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Oct. 18, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the Police Gazette:

I am, Tom Walling, light weight, any 115-pound man in California for \$500 a side, Queensberry rules, to a finish, with 2-ounce gloves. Richard K. Fox to be stakeholder and name the referee, any time in November. Inclosed \$25. First come first served.

Yours respectfully, Tom Walling.

Wisconsin Hotel, San Francisco.

Young McManus, of Lowell, has just sent a spunky challenge to Prof. Mike Ryan, of Manchester, offering to fight him with soft gloves for \$500 to \$500, the contest to take place in a private room, the referee to be a Boston man. If he does not accept this offer he says he will face him in a public hall, the winner

to get seventy-five per cent, and the loser twenty-five per cent of the gate money after paying expenses. Six rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, to constitute the fight.

Frank Moran writes from Bridgeport, Conn., that he is ready to back Pete McCoy to box McCaffrey for \$500 a side, according to London prize ring rules. In reply Bill Corney, of Philadelphia, the backer of Dominick McCaffrey, says the champion will fight no inferior men. Sullivan, above all others, is the man he wants to meet. "I am very much afraid," said Bill, "that the big boy will not pick up enough courage to meet him." The McCaffrey combination started out on a six months' tour after its election, taking in all the principal cities of the United States, thence to Canada, British Columbia and probably a visit will be made to Australia. In San Francisco McCaffrey will meet Slade.

John Thomas, the pugilist of What Cheer, Iowa, has for a long time been to the Police Gazette office with the following challenge to Dave Lewis:

WHAT CHEER, IOWA, Oct. 18, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the Police Gazette:

Sir—As I have had no success in challenges from Mr. Dave Lewis, of August 1st, and as I now mean business I enclose check for \$25 to a small local for \$50, the balance to be deposited on the day of the match—said match to be governed by "Police Gazette" rules. If said Dave Lewis should fail to knock out the said Harry Martin in four or five minutes, rounds, the said Martin is to receive sixty per cent of gate money and I \$50. If said Lewis wins he is to share in same way, expenses to be divided equally, regardless of who may be the winner. I send this "challenge" to show this is no bluff. I mean business. Very respectfully,

JOHN THOMAS.

The "Daily News," published in this city, like the Police Gazette, indulges in contests when they are fought on their merits and carried out in a fair and honest manner and according to rule. In reference to the glove contest between Prof. Walter Watson and Mike Donovan, the ex-champion middle weight, it says: "If every contest was like the one Walter Watson and Mike Donovan engaged in at Turn Hall, last night, the public would rush to patronize and witness them. The decision of the referee at the end of the sixth round was an honest and fair one, and when, at the end of the sixth round, E. F. Mallahan declared Donovan the winner, no fair-minded sporting man could object to that, for it was a fair decision. The contest was fought according to 'Police Gazette' rules, consequently there were two time-keepers and no mistakes."

Here is an opportunity for Anna Lewis, the female boxer, to practically demonstrate the value of her claim to be the champion female pugilist of the United States.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Oct. 21, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the Police Gazette:

Sir—In the sporting columns of the Police Gazette I read that Anna Lewis, of Cleveland, announces that she can do any woman or man in America with gloves for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. I cannot box as easily against male pugilists, but I am certain I can defeat any female boxer who boasts of being able to conquer male champions. Now I will box Anna Lewis four, six, or eight rounds, Queensberry rules, in any hall in New York city for the entire gate receipts, or for the winner to take sixty-five and the loser thirty-five per cent. A sport through the Police Gazette will meet with a prompt response. Hoping that this will bring Miss Anna Lewis to the front, I remain

Champion Female Boxer of the World.

HATTIE STEWART.

Here is a chance for Charley Mitchell and Dominick McCaffrey to arrange a prize ring match. On Oct. 17, James Keenan, of Boston, Gus Tullin and Frank Stevenson called at the Police Gazette office, posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox, and left the following sweeping challenge:

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 16.

To Richard K. Fox:

Sir—The match between Bill H. Stoddard and Jack Burke is off and I offer the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and, upon giving the heavy-weight championship of the world, to any pugilist who will fight it against all comers, Jake Kilrain, of Boston, now claims the belt and will find it against all comers. Now, I will match Jake Kilrain to fight Charley Mitchell or Dominick McCaffrey (the latter preferred) according to the rules of the London prize ring, for \$5,000 and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and championship of the world the fight to take place four months from signing articles, within 100 miles of New Orleans. To prove I mean business I have forwarded you \$500 for either Mitchell or McCaffrey's backers to cover. Now, if these pugilists believe they are champions they will cover my money and meet me at the Police Gazette office to arrange a match.

JAMES KEENAN.

A large assemblage of the lovers of the manly art was in attendance at Harry Maynard's sporting Palace, San Francisco, on Oct. 10, to witness a hard-glove fight between Jim Hall and Al Stewart. Tom Walling was chosen referee and Bill Davis acted as time-keeper. For three rounds nothing unusual occurred except some very hard hitting, the results of which gave no indication of the final result, but on the fourth the referee declared Hall the winner on account of Stewart's failure to rise after being knocked down before the expiration of the 10 seconds allowed him. Stewart, however, by Maynard and the majority of the audience, objected to it, saying, Maynard declared that the referee had erred in his ruling, as Stewart had risen from the floor when time was called; and as this was "a fight to a finish," to a fight it would be, or he would not pay over the money. His reputation and that of his establishment were at stake. Hall, Stewart, all the seconds, the referee, the time-keeper, Maynard and others made exciting speeches, and every person in the packed house howled their disapproval of the referee's decision. Finally Hall consented to continue the battle, and Tommy Nolan and Eddie Farrell were selected as referee and time-keeper. The fight was resumed with a savage character that was extremely gratifying to the audience and continued until the eighth round, when Stewart was unmistakably knocked out and the fight given to Hall.

Miss Anna Lewis, the champion female boxer, must be a phenomenon in the boxing line. The following is a copy of a letter received at the Police Gazette office on Oct. 18:

CINCINNATI, OHIO, Oct. 15, 1884.

Mr. Richard K. Fox:

DEAR SIR—Please accept many thanks for the favor you have done me in publishing my portrait and challenge, which I hope will meet with acceptance in New York, for I would like to come East. I am here trying to arrange a match with a gentleman in Covington, Ky., and the prospects look very favorable. I think the arrangements will be made soon. He is a very good man, but I think I can get away with him; at last I am willing to try. What is the matter with all the female boxers and fighters? They don't seem to accept my challenge. Has that much of mine so red them. But that will not keep me back. If I can get any of my own sex to face me in the ring, I will go to work on some of the world's best of the other sex, and if you can induce any of your New York fighters to meet me, I am ready at any time to face them. Don't think that I am saying this to blow. I am not, try me and see if I don't come to the scratch. I presume that your male fighters think that they would not gain much credit by knocking me out, therefore do not pay any attention to me. But I defy the best of them, and can put up as much as they like to back what I say. I have good backers and plenty of them who will put up their money to back what I have said.

ANNA LEWIS.

If there is any pugilist in this country who will succeed to the title of heavy-weight champion pugilist of America, it is Jake Kilrain, of Boston. Even at the present time Kilrain is knocking at the doors of the several pugilists who are eager to claim the title. He is more fortunate than many of his contemporaries. He has a supporter (James Keenan, of Boston), who is ready to back him to fight any pugilist in the world, outside of John L. Sullivan. Keenan is a prominent sporting man, and when he says he will bet \$1,000 on a chicken or dog dispute, a boat-race, or a prize ring encounter, it will do so. Keenan is a first-class judge of pugilists, and he is making no mistake in parading Kilrain to conquer any pugilist in America except Sullivan. Some claimants to the championship may issue challenges, but if they refuse to accept Kilrain's deal, backed up with a forfeit of \$500, the sporting public will come to the conclusion that Boston has turned out another wonder in the line of time whom no fighter dares to meet. One thing is certain, Kilrain is ready to tackle any pugilist in America in the arena either with or without gloves, and he is fortunate enough to have at his back a sporting man with a bank account ready to wager from \$1,000 to \$2,500 on the result. The question every sporting man will ask is: "Why don't Mitchell or McCaffrey fight Kilrain?" A pugilist who holds a position that he will fight any pugilist he likes and who is known that the pugilist is lousy enough to have a challenger who is ready to find him the slowness of a snail for the contest—this challenge should be looked upon as a business-meaning document.



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

ELSIE GEROME.

[Photo by Falk.]

Commissioner Sidney P. Nichols.

Police Commissioner Sidney P. Nichols died at his residence, No. 417 West Twenty-first street, on Oct. 20. He had been confined to his bed for three months. The deceased was born in Vermont fifty-three years ago. A year ago both his parents, who were then residing in Harlem, died within a few hours of each other. Sidney came to New York when in his teens, having received only a common school education. He obtained employment as clerk, and in a short time obtained capital enough to start a livery stable on Fourth avenue, near the Ashland House. When he became active in local politics he joined the Tammany Hall Democracy, to which his allegiance never wavered.

He was a warm friend of John Kelly. In 1874 Mr. Nichols ran for the State Senate against James W. Booth, who was elected. Mr. Nichols was consoled for his defeat the following year by an appointment as Police Commissioner. He succeeded "Hank" Smith in that position. At that time the Police Department had charge



SIDNEY P. NICHOLS,

THE RECENTLY DECEASED NEW YORK POLICE COMMISSIONER.

of the street cleaning. Mr. Nichols looked after this particular branch of business, and charges in connection with his administration of it led to his removal by Mayor Ely. Charles F. McLean was appointed to succeed him. Mayor Cooper refused to reinstate Mr. Nichols, who appealed to the courts, and it was decided that his removal was illegal, and, after being out of office a year, he resumed his old post, which he held until his death.

A Soldier Murderer.

Edward Sweeny, alias Smith, an enlisted man of Company D, Twentieth Infantry, is held in jail at Wichita, Kan., for the murder of Mrs. Steve Elliott, at Fort Reno, I. T., on Sept. 27. Mrs. Elliott's husband was an ambulance-driver employed

by the Government. He lately had some difficulty with Sweeny, but the matter was supposed to be settled. On Sept. 25 the members of Company D gave a hop, at which Sweeny tried to pick a quarrel with Mrs. Elliott. On the 27th he went down to Mrs. Elliott's and shot her. She lived about forty-five minutes after being shot.



EDWARD SWEENEY,

PRIVATE OF CO. D, 20TH INFANTRY, HELD FOR MURDER COMMITTED IN INDIAN TERRITORY.



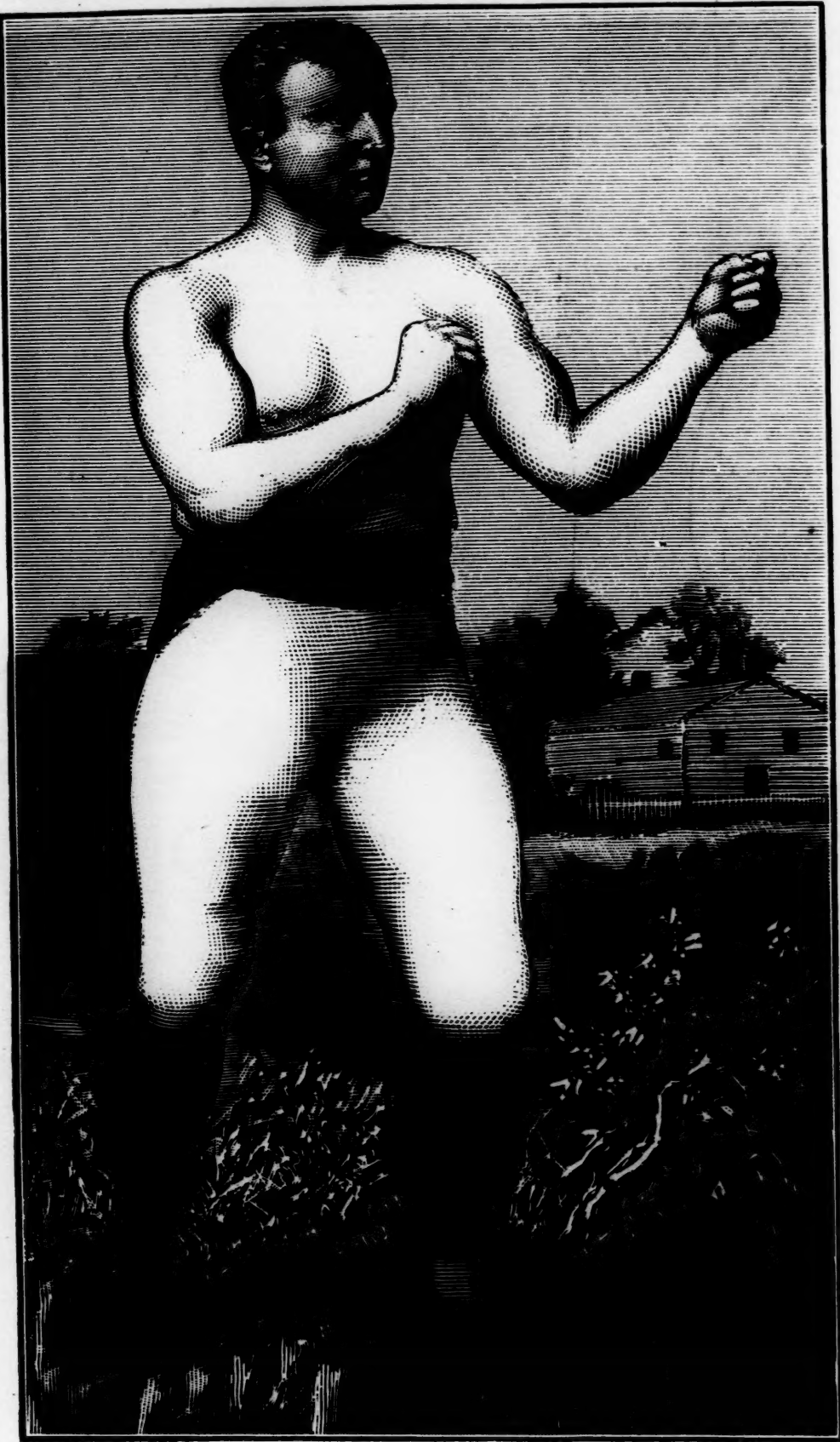
HENRY GOMEZ,

STEWARD OF THE SCHOONER JULIA BAKER, CONVICTED OF PIRACY ON THE HIGH SEAS.



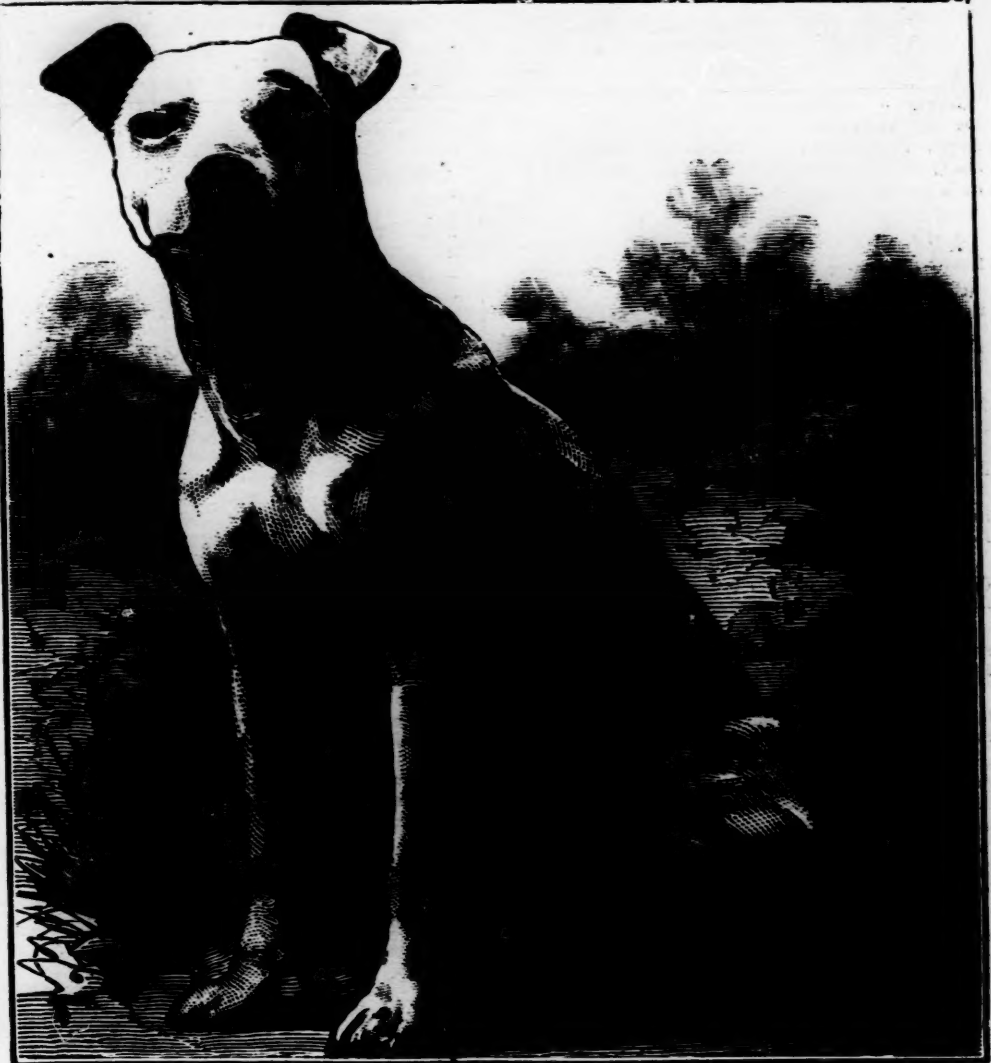
A MYSTERIOUS OUTRAGE.

A WOMAN SHOP-KEEPER OF BOSTON BOUND AND GAGGED BY UNKNOWN CUSTOMERS AND LEFT TO PERISH IN FLAMES THAT THE VILLAINS HAD KINDLED.



AL. MARX,

A COWBOY OF TEXAS, WHO MADE A GOOD SHOWING WITH THE UNCONQUERABLE CHAMPION,
JOHN L. SULLIVAN.



PADDY,

THE CHAMPION 10-POUND RAT-KILLING DOG OF AMERICA.

Walter De Baum.

In this issue we publish a sketch of Walter De Baum, the amateur champion boxer and boniface of the Pimlico, 234 Seventh avenue. He was born in this city April 14, 1882, and made his first appearance as a pugilist at Tammany Hall, Feb. 24, 1883, where he won the title of amateur champion light weight of America, also a gold medal presented by the N. Y. A. C. He was compelled to defeat three men heavier than himself. The first was Joe Heiser, of the Williamsburgh A. C., the second Arthur Rothery, of the Newark A. C., whom he knocked out in the second round. The third was Frank Banham, of the Metropolitan Rowing Club, April 21, 1883. He was matched to spar Harry Gilmore, of Canada, at a private exhibition held in Clarendon Hall by the N. Y. A. C., for which he received a handsome silver pitcher and salver. Oct. 25, 1883, he was matched to spar Joe Ellingsworth, now champion middle weight, for a \$100 cup. Although he weighed 20 pounds less than his opponent, he was declared the winner. Billy Edwards was referee. On March 26, 1884, he was matched to spar Joe

Heiser for a \$100 cup at a private exhibition held at the Racquet Club House. Heiser was the first man he defeated for the champion medal. He is willing to spar any 128-pound man in America.

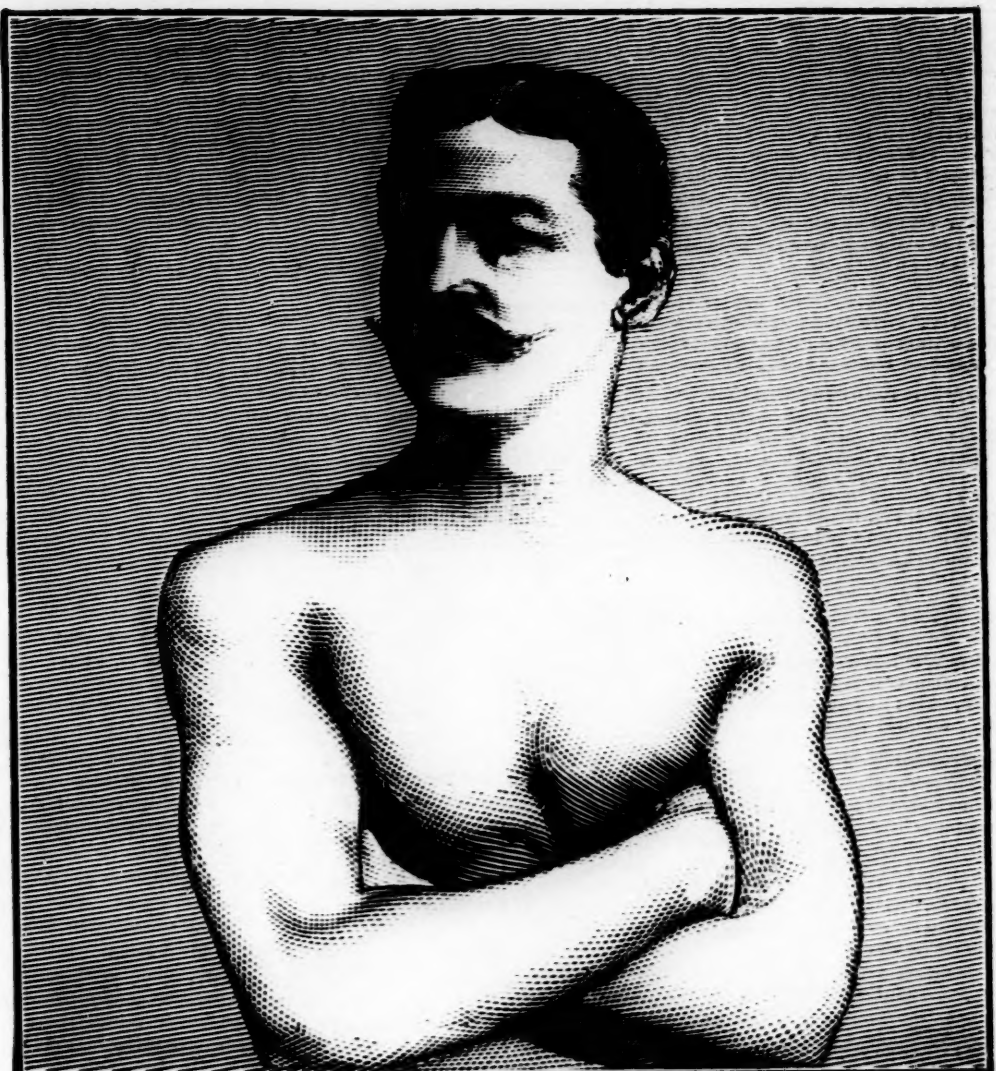
Paddy.

Paddy, the champion 10-pound dog of America, was bred out of a granddaughter of Johnny Carman, black-and-tan, Harry and Pat Shark-ey's dog Trouble, four years. Dick Toner fought him in 1882, at Chicago, against Ed. Dorner's 13-pound bitch, for \$100 a side. Paddy won in 20 minutes. Toner next issued a challenge through these columns to fight or kill 100 rats against any dog or bitch of 10 pounds in America, but met with no acceptance. Paddy was then purchased by Dominick Shannon, of San Francisco. On a recent visit to 'Frisco Mr. Toner, Paddy's old handler, won two handicap rat-killing matches with him, and also offered to match Paddy and give one-half pound against any 10-pound dog on the Pacific Coast. He is open to kill 100 rats or fight any 10-pound dog in the world.



JOHN F. SCHOLES,

THE CHAMPION ALL-ROUND AMATEUR ATHLETE, OF TORONTO, CANADA.



WALTER DE BAUM,

AMATEUR BOXER AND POPULAR SEVENTH AVENUE SALOON-KEEPER.

SPORTING NEWS.

It is intended that this page shall be a summary of all the sporting news and gossip current in the United States. Every reader of the POLICE GAZETTE is cordially invited to contribute such information of this kind as he may acquire in his neighborhood.

★ Joe Denning wants to box any of the heavy weights.

★ E. P. Weston is walking 50 mile exhibition races against time out West.

★ C. A. Harriman is walking from Denver, Col., to Augusta, Me. At least so the story goes.

★ M. W. Brinkham, of Philadelphia, has just made a long-distance record of 141 miles in 24h.

★ It is possible, every member of the present Cincinnati Union team will be retained for next season.

★ Andre Christol and W. Muldoon are matched to wrestle some time this month at Bradford, Pa.

★ N. H. Van Sicken, of the Chicago Bicycle Club, has ridden over 2,500 miles on his wheel during the summer.

★ J. R. Rose defeated Kennedy in a foot-race at Mobile, Ala., recently. The winner covered 8 1/2 miles in 10 min.

★ On Oct. 18 W. G. George tried to beat Deerfoot's record for 1h, but failed. George gave up after running 9 miles in 48m 43.2s.

★ John Raine, the Canadian long-distance runner, is matched against the well-known Indian, Hunklock. The distance is 1 mile, the Indian receiving 10s start.

★ John J. Malone, the fifteen-ball pool champion, has opened an elegant billiard and pool-room, 414 Sixth avenue, near Twenty-fifth street.

★ Ed. Davies, the world's champion ventriloquist, is still in Melbourne, Australia. He is quite a favorite among all classes of sporting men in Sydney, Auckland and Melbourne.

★ Prof. Harry Brooks will be tendered a benefit at Germania Assembly Rooms, Bowery, near Houston street, New York, on Nov. 14. All the champion wrestlers and boxers have volunteered.

★ Billy Jordan, the veteran boxer and once-noted pedestrian, has opened a first-class sporting house with a large picture-gallery at 22 Pittsburg street, Cleveland. All sporting papers are on file.

★ Harry Thompson, the "Police Gazette" champion drummer, has scored a big hit of late at the Grand Central theatre, Secaucus, N. Y.; also the past three weeks at the Globe museum, 29 Bowery.

★ Thomas E. Delaney, the well-known pedestrian, has challenged Peter Golden to run 10 miles for \$20 to \$50 a side. He agrees to meet Golden at this office any time the latter is ready to arrange a match.

★ Frank White, the proprietor of the Champions' Rest, in the Bowery near Houston street, has made improvements in his great sporting palace. He employs a lot of talent, and they give a grand exhibition every night.

★ It is more than likely that another match will be arranged between Walter Watson and Mike Donovan. Gus Tuttle, the sporting landlord of the Rochester House, is eager to arrange another match for Watson to box Donovan one hour.

★ John F. Scholes, with his family, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Oct. 21. Scholes is the champion boxer and athlete of the Dominion. In the non-sporting dog show he won first prize for black-and-tan terriers and first for Bedlington terriers.

★ McMahon says he will not wrestle with Dufur again for less than \$250 a side, of which nothing less than \$50 a side shall be put up as forfeit, and even then he will not wrestle till March, because he has been wrestling so much of late and the strain is too much.

★ Letters are lying at this office for the following: L. Alanzopania, Jack Burke (3), Doc Bagges, John Curran, George Conso, K. Frank Downie, Wm. De Verr, Wm. Daly, Charles E. Edred, Carl's Martind, Sol Smith Russell, J. M. Webb, Harry Webb, Prof. Watson.

★ Young Dixey, the clever feather weight, after knocking young Farrell down ten times in two rounds and a half in John Flood's sporting house one night recently, says he will spar Farrell 6 rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, for the whole record of the house. Now, Farrell, come to the front.

★ The race for the Cambridgeshire stakes was run at the Newmarket Houghton meeting on Oct. 21. It was won by Mr. J. Hammond's four-year-old br. c. Florence; Mr. H. T. Barclay's four-year-old br. c. Bendigo, came in second, and Mr. Manley's three-year-old b. c. Pizarro, third. There were eighteen starters. The betting at the start was 6 to 1 against Florence, 10 to 1 against Bendigo and 10 to 1 against Pizarro.

★ The following was received at this office: CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Oct. 13, 1894.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: DEAR SIR—Having been informed by some of the sporting fraternity of New York whom I met at the fair at Safford Springs, Conn., that Wm. Steele, of Bloomsburg, Pa., would run me if I put up a forfeit, and believing him to be the fastest runner in the United States, and being anxious to meet him in a race, I deposit with Richard K. Fox \$25 as forfeit toward a 3-mile race for any reasonable amount of money. If Mr. Steele wants to race this is his chance.

JAMES GRANT.

★ We have received the following letter from Dan O'Leary, the famous long-distance pedestrian, which will no doubt be read with interest by his many admirers.

PUEBLO, COL., Oct. 20, 1894.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: I understand that Edwards and Vaughan, are going to enter in a six-day heel-and-toe walking match, to take place in New York. I will enter in the race if they will agree to make it a sweepstakes race of \$500 or \$1,000. I have instructed my broker to send \$100 to the POLICE GAZETTE to arrange a match with Edwards for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, or for a sweepstakes for Vaughan or any pedestrian to enter. Hoping these terms will suit Vaughan, Edwards, etc. I remain, DANIEL O'LEARY.

★ The following was received at this office Oct. 13, 1894.

QUERIDA, (TETER COUNTY, COL., Oct. 6, 1894.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

DEAR SIR—Seeing a challenge in the POLICE GAZETTE, that Christopher Wannop challenges any man in America to wrestle Cumberland style, at 140 lbs weight, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. I will wrestle him, according to his own challenge, for \$500 or \$1,000

a side, at 140 lbs. To show I mean business, I have forwarded \$50 to Richard K. Fox, who shall be final stakeholder and appoint the referee. I will allow him reasonable expenses to wrestle in Denver. Should this suit Wannop, or his backers, I will wrestle him in a month from signing articles.

JAMES WILSON.

★ The first grand amateur bicycle race, 2 miles, for the championship of New Jersey, and first all United States 133-yard foot handicap will take place at Trenton Baseball Grounds, Trenton, N. J., on Monday, Nov. 2. The prizes for bicycle race are, 1st, handsome gold medal; second, handsome silver medal. For foot handicap, first, \$50; second, \$15; third, \$10. Entrance for bicycle race 50 cents, and for foot handicap \$1.00. Entries to be made to Brindley & Jamison, P. O. box 57, Trenton, New Jersey. Great pains have been taken in repairing the 133-yard track, and a new quarter-mile track 16 ft wide has been made for the bicycle race, Messrs. Brindley & Jamison, handicappers. John Jamison, pistol flier, John Brindley referee. Sport commences at 2 P. M., sharp. Entries close on Wednesday, Oct. 23.

★ The long-talked-of dog-fight for \$350 a side between Dan McAuliffe's fighting-dog, Sport, of Louisville, and Wm. Crellin's dog, Tiger, of Cincinnati, was decided at Six-Mile Island, near Louisville, on Oct. 20. Both dogs were in the condition, weighing 35 1/2 lbs each, and fought gamely. They went at each other savagely, being encouraged by their owner, who handled them. Sport secured the first hold, seizing Tiger's lower jaw. He held him 6m, when Tiger broke away and threw his opponent, securing a good fast hold. Sport was the more powerful of the two and easily broke Tiger's hold, but the Cincinnati dog finally got him by the throat and pumped the wind out of him. They fought for 1h 15m without a scratch, when they were separated. Sport refused to scratch, and McAuliffe gave up the fight to the Cincinnati dog. Both dogs were badly hurt. Sport's head and legs were in a horrible condition and Tiger's lower jaw was nearly torn off.

★ The annual fall regatta of the Palsade Boat Club of Yonkers took place on Oct. 4. The first and second race on the programme were omitted in consequence of the water being too rough for junior single-sculls. The four-oared shell race was contested by the following: The Otto crew—A. Atkins, H. L. Rice, T. Ewing, Jr., W. W. Scruggs, stroke. The Columbia crew—J. B. Moffat, L. M. Beach, George Fraser, Jr., H. B. Waring, stroke. Uncle Ben crew—H. C. Tallmadge, G. S. Pentz, M. H. Smith, Jr., E. Martin, Jr., stroke. The race was won by the Columbia by 3 lengths in 6m 32s. Uncle Ben second. The second race was for double-shell shells. Boat Tom crew—L. M. Beach, bow; M. H. Smith, Jr., stroke. Boat Jerry crew—E. Van Sice, bow; A. Atkins, stroke; won by the former by 6 lengths in 8m 32s. The third race was for eight-oared shells. Dauntless—J. Rowland, Sr., H. L. Rice, T. Ewing, Jr., F. O. Tallmadge, H. T. Keyser, H. B. Waring, E. Martin, Jr., stroke. Palsades—A. L. Gibson, J. B. Moffat, W. W. Scruggs, T. H. Siskman, R. G. Jackson, George Fraser, M. H. Smith, Jr., G. W. Pentz, stroke. The Palsades won the race in 7m 21s by 2 lengths.

★ The following is a list of visitors to this office for the past week: Jimmy Kelly, Prof. William Clark, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mike Donovan, Thad. McElhan, Pat Seeley, Chicago, Ill.; Harry Vaughan, Dominick McCallister, George Rooke, John Ryan, John J. Lynn, Harry Brooks, Mr. Tupper, Morning Journal; Charles O. Breed, Lynn, Mass.; M. J. King, Springfield, Mass.; J. T. Duggan, J. H. Elliott, Johnny Black, Benjamin A. Benton, Charles Hazleton, Joe Fowler, Matsuda Sorakich, Frank Stevenson, Joe Denning, Young Dixey, Young Spencer, James Day, New Market, N. J.; Harry Foster, Frank White, Champions' Rest, Bowery, city; W. H. Bull, Brooklyn, N. Y.; James Keenan, Boston, Mass.; F. L. Blanchard, Associated Press, New York; William Edwards, Australia; J. C. Seymour, Melbourne Sportsman, Australia; Billy Fitzgerald, Capt. James C. Daly, John Quigley, Boston, Mass.; Frank Chrysler, Arthur Chambers, Capt. Joe McGill and Capt. Thos. Sampson, New York Fire Department; Tom Davis, Jerry Murphy, El. Mallahan, Mr. Sullivan, of Frank Leslie's; Ed. Simmons, the well-known horseman; John F. Scholes and wife, Toronto, Canada; Fred. Oppen, 311 James, Newark, N. J.; Morris Quigley, Patrick Quigley and John Quigley, Newark, N. J.; Joseph Periz, Jos. Channery, John Mason, Andrew Reilly, Thos. Wells, Al. Marks, S. Brackett, John Gorman, C. A. Caurch, James Carpenter, Geo. Schmidt.

★ The first of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club fall races was sailed Oct. 15 under the most favorable conditions. The start was made at Sandy Hook. Mr. C. Smith Lee's cutter, Oriva, crossed the imaginary line between the judges' steamer and buoy 3 in Gledney's Channel at 11:05. Bedouin and Athlon at 11:10, Surf at 11:15, and Happy Thought (from New Haven) at 11:15. The following table gives actual results:

FIRST CLASS—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS 55 FEET AND OVER.				
Name.	Start.	Finish.	Time.	Elapsed Corrected
Bedouin	11:05	6:30:24	6:27:24	6:27:24
Athlon	11:05	6:30:57	6:27:57	6:41:12
Oriva	11:05	6:33:37	6:44:37	6:27:25

THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS 35 FEET AND UNDER 45.				
Name.	Start.	Finish.	Time.	Elapsed Corrected
Surf	11:05	4:50:21	5:41:21	—
Happy Thought	11:05	4:47:35	5:38:35	—

Thus the Bedouin wins in the first class, defeating her sister cutter by only 15 in a 40-mile race; and Happy Thought wins in the third class, beating Surf 2m 49s.

★ The annual fall races of the Capital Club took place at Washington, D. C., Oct. 17, at Athletic Park. Results:

Five-mile race—This was for the Flint challenge cup, and Howell Stewart, Rex Smith, T. A. Berryhill and Benjamin F. Wilkins, Jr., were entered. The latter soon withdrew. Stewart won by three-quarters of a lap in 12:14; Smith second.

NoVICES mile race—W. H. Benton first, 3:20 1/2; A. T. King second.

Three-mile handicap—T. A. Berryhill was allowed 12s, F. E. McCoy 12s, while Howell Stewart started from the scratch. Stewart won by three-quarters of a lap in 11:13.

Half-mile open race—Won by W. E. Crist in 1:27 1/2; L. N. Kruger second.

Two-mile open handicap—Starters, William E. Crist, scratch; Isaac Saltzman, scratch; C. E. E. Flathers, 10s; Philip S. Brown, 10s; William Robertson, 10s; A. T. King, 15s; F. Bradford, 15s; J. C. V. Smith, 15s. The latter led throughout the race, winning by 100 yards in 6:54 1/2; Saltzman second.

Half-mile boys handicap—Robert Berin first in 1:57.

One-mile race—Won by William E. Crist, closely followed by L. N. Kruger and J. C. Smith; time, 3:12.

Two-mile club race—Howell Stewart and Rex Smith were the only starters, the latter leading for

the first mile, but being easily beaten at the finish; time, 1:19.

★ The wrestling match between John McMahon, of New York, and H. M. Dufur, of Marlboro, Mass., for \$50 a side and the collar-and-elbow championship of America, was decided at the Windsor theatre, Boston, on Oct. 13. Dufur's umpire was Ned Huculus, and Dan Dwyer, of Springfield, held that position for McMahon. Dufur in white and McMahon in flesh-colored tights were neat introduced. Then Mike Donohue was named as referee. The match was a grand display of science and endurance. Dufur won the first fall in 24m, McMahon the second in 25m. In the final bout people realized that it was a level game, and each man was working for all he was worth. The crowd seemed to be largely in favor of McMahon, although many cheering words were given to the athlete from Marlboro. Ten minutes of skirmishing went by, and then Mac secured a good hip-lock on Dufur, but was not strong enough to hold it to a fall. Undismayed, he tried again and held for nearly half a minute. Dufur's superior strength helped him again, and he came out all right, holding Mac's jacket well down over his head. The referee had to call time in order to adjust it. The spectators cheered wildly during the next 5 minutes, which showed some of the best skill ever seen in this city. First one, and then another made attempts to get hold, and met with indifferent success. Messrs. Lynch and Capp, the two bookers, dropped their cigarettes and came out of the wings in their anxiety. Slipper feet flew over the carpet, and people arose in their seats to see the result. Finally Mac made another of his quick trips and Dufur went down and the curtain with him. From a non-professional standpoint it seemed that while Dufur excelled his opponent in physical strength, McMahon made up for it in agility and skill. Several well-known sporting men, including George Hosmer, were present.

★ The Canadian Sportsman, the popular sporting journal of the Dominion, says in its issue on Oct. 3: "If Hanlan and Beach do not come together and finally settle the question of supremacy, it will not be for want of inducement. It does not seem long since there was a general rush to get the ex-champion and Courtney to row at a particular spot, but at what was thought the height of the absurdity of big purses there was never so much anxiety to secure a race between the pair as there is now to obtain these two colonial stars—a Canadian and an Australian. People who prate about the exaltation of muscle over brains—as if the man who unites the two and obtains the most satisfaction out of them isn't the cleverest—rejoiced at Hanlan's downfall, excepting possibly in consequence thereof that the world would take a turn and the bookworm—the man of one talent—would become the all in all. But they hallooed too soon. The Torontoian's defeat has increased, not diminished, what they call the worship of muscle. Paces and people that before would not give a few paltry hundreds to see Hanlan row against anybody will now give thousands. Australia wants to keep the great pair all to herself. Canada thinks she is entitled to one race for the championship of the world. England would like to see the contest on the bosom of her venerable but very odorous Father Thames, and America is almost dying to secure the attraction. The London Sportsman imagines the taint should row for its massive but useless cup, Mr. Duryea offers them a six-thousand dollar purse to meet on a course he may choose, a Montreal friend of Hanlan's expresses his willingness to give Beach a thousand dollars and put up six thousand more if they will fight it out at Lachine, New Orleans will pay both their expenses and hang up five thousand dollars if they will wait until next May and sail on Lake Pontchartrain, and last and greatest of all, that most enterprising of sporting men, Richard K. Fox, of the Police Gazette, declares he is willing to give five thousand dollars and a \$250 trophy emblematic of the championship if John Teemer is only allowed to throw in his lot with the Canuck and the Annapolese. Mr. Duryea, Hanlan's friend, and the New Orleans people each have great and long heads, but Richard K. Fox has the greatest and longest of all, and deserves to secure the biggest thing on water the world has ever known."

★ The Williamsburgh Athletic Club held their annual fall games at their grounds, Williamsburgh, N. Y., on Oct. 13. The results were as follows: Field oficers—Referee, G. H. Bidean, W. A. C. Judge of calling, S. C. Austin, W. A. C. Judge at finish, L. A. Stuart, M. A. C.; B. H. Tobey, W. A. C.; J. G. Jansen, S. I. A. C. Time-keepers, G. A. Avery, M. A. C.; J. T. S. West, W. H. Robertson, W. A. C. Starter, V. G. Hegeman, W. A. C. Clerk of course, O. R. Smith, W. A. C.

Two-mile walk—F. P. Murray, W. A. C. (scratch), first; time, 11m 12 1/2s; E. F. McDonald, W. S. A. C. 25s, second, 11m 53 1/2s. McDonald led at a mile by 20 yards in 7m 8 1/2s. Murray was easily by 60 yards.

Tenousand-yard run—J. L. Sullivan, P. A. C. (70 yards), first; G. A. Walton, M. A. C. (30 yards), second; F. A. Gilmore, W. A. C. (70 yards), third. A down started and the three placed men ran like a team the last 100 yards. Saver gameness won for Sullivan, as he just beat Walton on the tape by 6 in, Gilmore being third by a foot. Time, 2m 24 1/2s.

One-fifth of a mile run—First—A. C. Luck, New York city, (11 yards), first; C. Lee Myers, M. A. C. (scratch), second; time, 43 1/2s. Second—W. Halpin, A. A. C. (scratch), first; F. W. Barnes, W. A. C. (10 yards), second; time 41 1/2s. Third—F. Cunningham, Poughkeepsie, (3 yards), first, L. O. Grabo, M. A. C. (20 yards), second; time, 41 4/5s. Fourth—W. H. Cammeyer, W. A. C. (15 yards), first; S. S. Schuyler, M. A. C. (12 yards), second; time, 41 1/5s. Final—Cammeyer, first; Schuyler, second by 3 yards; time, 41 3/5s.

Two-mile run—P. D. Skillman, M. A. C. (scratch), first; time, 11m 31 1/2s; P. J. McCarthy, G. A. C. (scratch), second by 4 yards.

Exhibition—S. D. Lee hopped 80 yards in 11 1/2s. One-hundred-and-twenty-yard hurdle race—First heat—C. F. Bostwick, G. A. C., 9 yards, first; J. Davies, W. A. C., 8 yards, second; time, 12s. Second—J. Russell, W. A. C. (15 yards), first; M. W. Ford, N. Y. A. C. (scratch), second; time, 15 1/2s; Ford's time, 13 1/2s. Third—A. A. Jordan, A. A. C. (scratch), first; S. D. Lee, W. A. C., 8 yards, second; time, 13 1/2s. Fourth—C. Z. Southard, W. A. C., 9 yards, first; H. Plummer, W. A. C., 19 yards, second; time, 11 1/2s. Fifth—J. H. Donovan, M. A. C. A. C., 13 yards, first; J. A. Wheelock, M. A. C., 11 yards, second; time, 10 3/5s. Final heat—Russell first, Jordan second; time, 10 3/5s. Jordan, who in this heat accepted his 2 yards' start, was timed in 10 3/5s.

The final heat in the 120-yard run was won by J. H. Donovan, W. Halpin, second; time, 12s.

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PHOTOGRAPHS.

Notice to Sporting Men.—Like size Pictures of Charles Mitchell, the champion jockey of England, will be furnished by John Woods, the well-known theatrical and sporting photographer of 24 Bowery, N. Y. The portraits of the champions are all copyrighted, and can only be furnished by John Woods, the POLICE GAZETTE photographer.

GENUINE FRENCH PHOTOGRAPHS, Male and Female, taken from nature. Not hot in sets of 30, sent by mail for \$1. Genuine fancy picture, a guaranteed, 3 sets, \$2. W. Scott, 39 Nassau St., N. Y.

Cents! Send for our photos of females in lovely positions (free in 10c). 5 for 50c; 12 different, \$1. Send for our elegant book, 61 Bland street, New York, 25c; 5 copies, \$1. By mail. BLOU CARD CO., FORDHAM, MASS.

Beware of Impostors.—Secret Parisian studio Photos, 3 samples \$1; per gross, \$20. No person outside of Paris can risk to advertise them. VAN DERBEEK, 6 R. Metz, Paris, France.

Racy Photos. Just Out. Select Positions. 5 sample sealed, 25c; circular, 2c. Box 435, Furboro, Mass.

JEWELERS.

18K. RING FREE. Warranted Solid Rolled Gold Plate or money refunded. Send 25c. for six months subscription to "Lucky Days," the well-known 16 page illustrated story paper, and we will send you the above ring FREE. Five for \$1. Address John. Happy Days, Hartford, Conn.

D. Keiler, 24 John Street, N. Y. Manufacturer of Medals. Special designs will be furnished on application. A large assortment of American Watches in stock and ready for sale. Also a full line of Diamonds at the lowest cash prices.

CARDS.

CARDS. 20 Hidden Name 10 cts. 6 packs 50c. your name hidden by hand holding flowers on each. 50 New Imported Embossed Chameleons 50c. 50 cts. (not embossed edge as on those advertised for 10c, but each flower etc. completely embossed). New 25c. Sample Book, illustrated Premium List, sent FREE with each order. CARL & CO. CARD CO., Hartford, Conn.

GENUINE.

Old-time, fancy gilt-edge transparent playing cards (52) 15c per pack. The genuine old-time book, 24 illustrations, very fancy, \$5. The book and cards to the address \$4.15 in 10c orders, W. H. Sealed. T. H. Jones, Box 302, Jersey City, N. Y. Jersey.

SAN FLEPAC (52) Fancy transparent Car's & 5 Photos only 30c. G. V. T. Wilson, Loc 32, 1114, Pa.

151 New Scrap Pictures and Tennyson's Poems mailed 10c 10 cts. CAPITOL CARD CO., Hartford, Conn.

PERSONAL.

Information Wanted of Mary Quigley. I maid, married, Mary L. ne. last seen in Wheeling, W. Va., about 15th August, 1890. She left 11thbury in company with Patrick Bourke, about two weeks previously, going South. I gave this party with the statement of her going to New York; she had been only ten months in the country and was about sixty-seven years of age. I felt action leading to her whereabouts and of all, will be rewarded by the payment of \$50 on a plantation to JILMARIN & DOYLE, No. 1 L'epend street, New York.

MORRIS QUIGLEY.

SPORTING GOODS.

Gamblers & Gambler. Their Trick and exposed. Send for my manuscript. Send FREE to ANTHONY, 240 West 11th street, New York City.

Beneke Bros. Chessmen Pedestrian and Athletic Shoes, 2nd and 2 1/2 Canal St., N. Y.

FUR GOODS.

FUR AND SEALSIN GARMENTS. C. C. Shayne, the well known Wholesale Fur Manufacturer, 103 1/2 Prince Street, New York, will sell elegant fur garments at retail at lowest cash wholesale prices this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity to purchase strictly reliable fur direct from manufacturer, and save retailer's profits. Fashion Book mailed free.

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1,000,000 READERS EVERY WEEK!

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As a national advertising medium the POLICE GAZETTE is unrivaled. It is read by fully a million readers every issue, and has an annual circulation of nearly eight million copies.

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Specimen copies mailed upon request. Prompt attention paid to inquiries and correspondence.

Estimates submitted upon application.

A trial, as a test of value, is solicited.

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Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line.
Reading Notices..... 2.00
Copy for advertisement must be in by Thursday morning in order to insure insertion in following issue. The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 1/2 inches each, and 2 1/2 inches wide.

ADVERTISING RATES IN WEEK'S DOINGS.
Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line.
Reading Notices..... 2.00
The Week's Doings has 8 pages, of 5 columns each, measuring 17 1/2 inches to the column, and 2 1/2 inches wide.

ALL ADVERTISING MEASUREMENT.
No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements of Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.
During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers.

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Having completed special arrangements in London, England, over four thousand copies of the GAZETTE and the DOINGS are distributed weekly through my London agency, besides the usual mail to all parts of Europe. Advertisers desiring to reach European sporting men have an unprecedented opportunity to do so through these mediums.

Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

Address all communications
RICHARD K. FOX,
New York

MEDICAL.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

SUFFERERS FROM

Nervous Debility, Youthful Indiscretions, Lost Manhood,
BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN!

Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence, have brought about a state of weakness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever being suspected, they are doctored for everything but the right one. Notwithstanding the many valuable remedies that medical science has produced for the relief of this class of patients, none of the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have experimented with and discovered new and concentrated remedies. The accompanying prescription is offered as a certain and speedy cure, as hundreds of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect health by its use after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this prescription.

M-Cocain (from Erythroxylon coca), 1/2 drachm.
Jervacin, 1/2 drachm.
Helonius blica, 1/2 drachm.
Gel-semu, 3 grains.
Ext. Ignatia amara (alcoholic), 2 grains.
Ext. leptandra, 2 scruples.
Glyceria, q. s. Mix.

Make 60 pills. Take 1 pill at 3 p. m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The accompanying prescription of this restorative is truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nervous condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relating to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting \$1, a securely sealed package containing 60 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail from our private laboratory, or we will furnish 6 packages, which will cure the cases, for \$5.

Address or call on
New England Medical Institute,
24 TREMONT ROW,
BOSTON, MASS.

Dr. Young's Patent Electric Belts.

A SURE CURE FOR
NERVOUS DEBILITY,
LOST OF MANHOOD,
YOUTHFUL ERRORS,
WEAKNESS OF BODY
AND MIND, &c. Write
for particulars free.
Dr. F. YOUNG,
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A Positive Cure with no medicine. Patent Oct. 18, 1876. One box will cure the most obstinate case in four days or less. ALLAN'S MILDLY MEDICATED DOUGLASS. No nauseous doses of cathartics, opium or oil of sandalwood, that are certain to produce dyspepsia by destroying the coating of the stomach. Price, \$1.50. Sold by all druggists or mailed on receipt of price. For further particulars sent for circular. P. O. Box, 1533. J. C. ALLAN CO., 83 John St., N. Y.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address, D. T. A. SLOOM, 161 Pearl St., N. Y.

Nervous Exhaustion. - A Medical Essay, comprising lectures delivered at Kuhn's Museum of Anatomy on the cause and cure of premature decline, showing how lost health may be regained, restoring a clear vision of impediments to marriage and the treatment of nervous and physical debility. By mail 25c. Address Secretary Kuhn's Museum, 713 Broadway, N. Y.

Self Cure Free. Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Weakness and Decay. A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the United States (now retired). Sent in plain sealed envelope free. Druggists can fill orders. Address Dr. W. H. CO., Louisiana, Mo. It never fails.

Manhood Restored.

Victims of youthful imprudence, causing Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or excess will learn of a simple remedy, free, by addressing J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., N. Y.

Kidney and all Urinary Troubles quickly relieved safely with Doan's Santalwood. Cures in seven days. Avoid imitations. Name but the Doan's genuine. Full directions. Price, \$1.50; half boxes, 75 cents. All Druggists.

Nervous Debility. Quick permanent cure. Book free. Circulars sent. Address, 105 Fulton St., N. Y.

MEDICAL.

Dr. H. FRANZ

The Well-known Specialist,

and proprietor and consulting physician of the New York Botanic Medical Institute, 513 3d Ave., New York City, is under the treatment of PRIVATE DISEASES OF MEN a special study and practice for many years. Over 4,000 cases treated yearly. Recent cases of private diseases cured in a short time. Uterus, Hemorrhoids, Blotches on face or body cured without surgery, mercury or other poisons. Mercury is the cause of the human race. Your children will suffer from its effects. Avoid it as you would any deadly drug.

Dr. FRANZ is a graduate of a regular Medical College, is well known over the United States and Canada by thousands of old and young men he has cured, and it is a fact that for years he has confined himself to the study and treatment of Sexual Diseases; thus giving him advantages that few possess.

Dr. FRANZ addresses himself particularly to those who have already tried various physicians and remedies from whom they have received no benefit, and who, in fact, have done them more harm than good.

YOUNG MEN Who are suffering from the effects of youthful indiscretions showing some of the following symptoms: Nervous and Physical Debility, Impotence (Incapacity), Lost Manhood, Abuse of the System, Exhausted Vitality, Confusion of Ideas, Dull and Loss of Brilliance to the Eye, Aversion to Society, Headache, Flashes on the Face, Loss of Energy, and Frequency of Urinating. You may be in the first stage, but remember you are fast approaching the last. Do not compromise yourself with the thought that Nature will help itself, for it is doing so not only for the sake, but wrecking the system.

MIDDLE-AGED MEN Married or single, who are prematurely old, as a result of excesses of youthful follies, and who are troubled by too frequent evacuations of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation, and a deposit ofropy sediment in the urine, and small particles of albumen will appear, or the color will first be of a thin or milkyish hue, and changing to a dark and torpid appearance, causing nervous debility and loss of vitality. Remember, this is the second stage of Sexual Weakness. In all such cases a perfect cure is guaranteed, and a radical restoration of the Genito-Urinary Organs. All Interventions and letters are strictly confidential, but all letters must have \$1 inclosed for advice, or they will not be answered. Advice and examination at Institute \$1 without medicine. No lulling business here, nor advice and medicine for a dollar. All charges according to case or monthly. No physician thinks you on special treatment can afford to give you his true and safe medicine for a dollar. Investigate yourself and find your mistake. Cheap medicines and cheap doctors are no good. Medicines packed so as not to excite curiosity, and sent by express, if full description of case is given, but one personal interview in all cases preferred. Call early and avoid crowding. Office hours, 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., 6 to 8 P. M., Sundays, 10 A. M. to 12 P. M. Please mention in what paper you saw this notice.

Health is Wealth. - Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Tonic is a guaranteed Specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death; Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhea caused by over-exertion of the brain, or cause of over-exertion of the brain. It is a complete non-habit forming, and is sold in boxes of \$5; sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$5, we will send the purchaser our literature guaranteeing to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guaranteed by West & Co. Orders filled by the agent, A. J. DITMAN, Chemist, Astor House, Broadway, and Barclay St., New York.

Tarrant's Compound
Extract of
OF CUBERS AND COPAIBA.
This compound is superior to any preparation hitherto invented, combining in a very highly concentrated state the medicinal properties of the Cuban and Copal resins. One recommendation of this compound is that it may be taken in any form, and in any quantity, without the least danger of over-dosing. It is a complete non-habit forming, and is sold in boxes of \$5; sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$5, we will send the purchaser our literature guaranteeing to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guaranteed by West & Co. Orders filled by the agent, A. J. DITMAN, Chemist, Astor House, Broadway, and Barclay St., New York.

MANHOOD
The loss of manhood, the result of youthful errors, early loss of manhood, etc., I will refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guaranteed by West & Co. Orders filled by the agent, A. J. DITMAN, Chemist, Astor House, Broadway, and Barclay St., New York.

"Blackamixer" cures Kidney and Urinary Disorders. Price, 50 cents. All druggists. Agents, 115 Fulton St., N. Y., and 1701 1st St., Phila., Pa.

Perfection strengthens, enlarges and develops any portion of the body. Price \$1. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass. (Copyrighted).

Dr. Fuller's Youthful Vigor Pills. For 1st manhood, 2nd manhood, and nervous debility; \$2. sent by mail. Dr. F. L. CLEGG, 429 Canal Street, N. Y.

Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 Days. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

Dr. Fuller's Pocket Injection with Syringe combined. Cures stinging irritation and all urinary diseases. \$1. All Druggists. Depot 429 Canal St., N. Y.

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For Men. Quick cure, safe. Book free. Civilian Agency, 160 Fulton St., New York.

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A delicate subject treated clearly, forcibly and thoroughly. Commanded by the best medical authorities. A life of mystery and mystery in some way learned. These subjects have been once left in mystery and regarded as too immodest to mention, and children have been left ignorant of the secrets of the body. The book should have received at home. Full, exhaustive, complete. Mailed on receipt of \$2.00. Agents wanted; outfit \$1. Envy & Deal, 833 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Wonderful secrets, revelations and discoveries for married or single, securing health, wealth and happiness to all. This new book of 160 pages, 1200 ed for only 10 cents by the Union Publishing Co., Newark, N. J.

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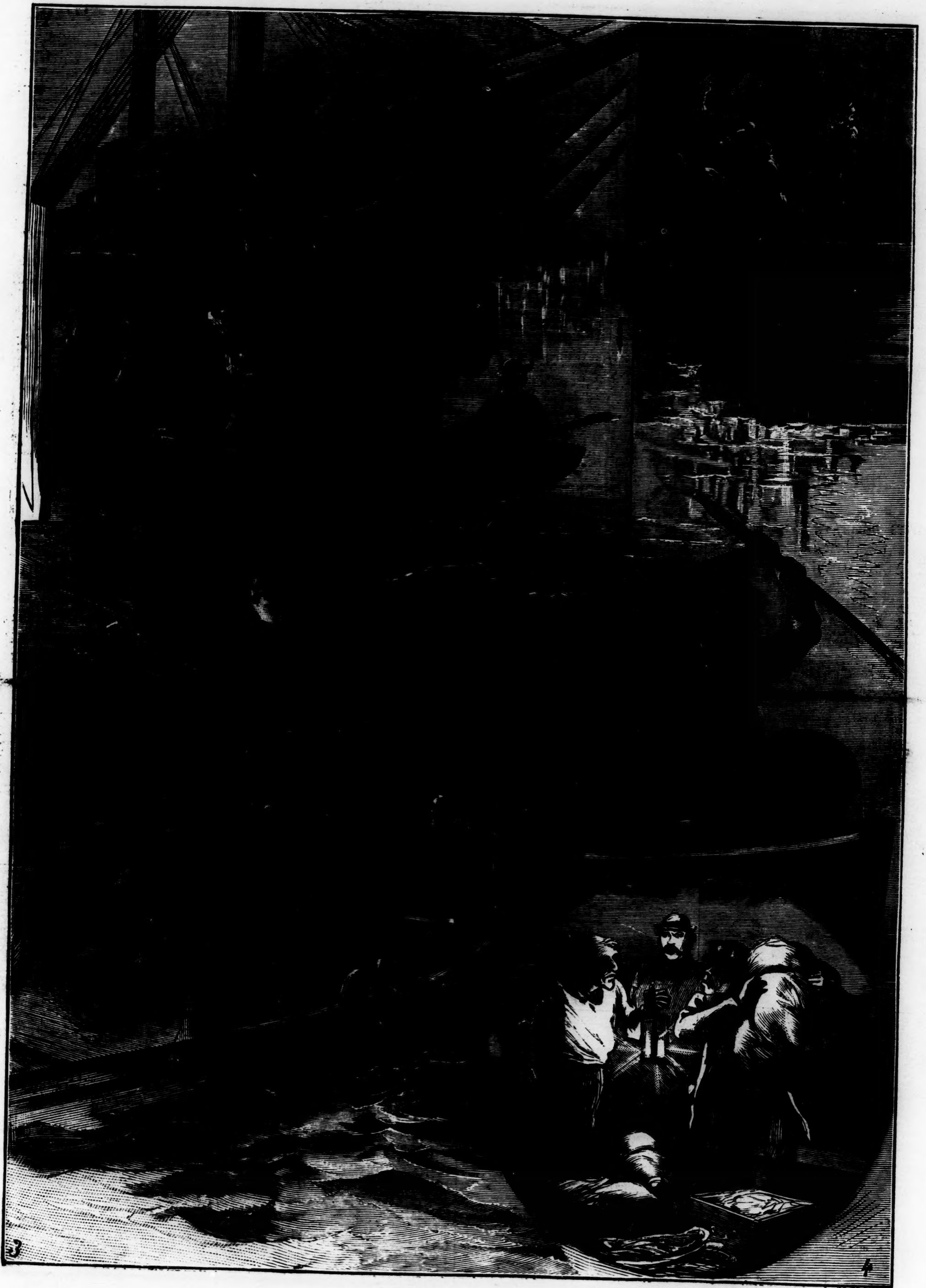
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